

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.

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Sir E. A. Cornwall.

The Queen.

The King.

Princess Victoria.

THE KING AND LONDON IMPROVEMENTS: HIS MAJESTY TURNING THE SWITCH WHICH OPENED THE GILDED GATES OF KINGSWAY.

*The actual opening of London's new highway was accomplished by the King, who turned the key inserted in a gilded sphere mounted on a pedestal, and thus set up electric communication between the pavilion in which he stood and the gilded gates at the Kingsway end of it. His Majesty then formally declared the thoroughfare open. Before this, and in answer to the address of the chairman and members of the Council of the administrative county of London, his Majesty expressed his belief that the improvement would do much to beautify the capital of the Empire, and would form a perpetual memorial of the capacity and enterprise of the London County Council.*

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

Sir Thomas Browne, whose tercentenary was celebrated at Norwich the other day, was, as everybody knows, a medical man. He was a rather curious kind of medical man; and there are a great many points in which he presents a somewhat singular contrast to our doctors of to-day. For instance, instead of being a doctor who became a knight, he was a knight who became a doctor; a bizarre and topsy-turvy conception. He was a doctor who wrote an eloquent and exhaustive work on urn-burial, churchyards, and death generally; a subject which doctors are now understood to avoid. But in nothing is he so permanently interesting as in his relations with the remarkable zoology of his time. His superb religious rhetoric and the whole literary side of him are obviously immortal. Nothing finer has ever been said about the soul than that phrase of Browne's that it is a thing in man "which owes no homage unto the sun." But a more delicate defence is needed of his quaint science, and, indeed, of all the mediæval science from which he drew his ideas. We know that his theology was true. We know that his zoology was untrue; but do not let us too readily assume that it is therefore unimportant. The whole of that old, fantastic science is misunderstood. It made every creature rather a symbol than a fact. But, then, it thought that all material facts were valuable as symbols of spiritual facts. It did not really very much mind whether the lion was a noble animal who spared virgins. What it did want to make clear was that, if the lion was a noble animal, it would spare virgins.

Let me take this example of what I mean. Every modern person of intelligence can see quite easily that the heraldic lion is very different from the real lion. But what we moderns do not quite realise is this: that the heraldic lion is much more important than the real lion. Words positively fail me to express the unimportance of the real lion. The real lion is a large, hairy sort of cat that happens to be living (or rather happens to be dying) in useless deserts that we have never seen and never want to see; a creature that never did us any good, and, in our circumstances, cannot even do us any harm; a thing as trivial, for all our purposes, as the darkest of the deep-sea fishes or as the minerals in the moon. There is no earthly reason to suppose that he has any of the leonine qualities as we ordinarily understand them. There is no ground for imagining that he is generous or heroic, or even proud. Some people who have fought him say that he is not even brave. He does not touch human life at any point at all. You cannot turn him, as you can the ox, into a labourer: nor can you turn him, as you can the dog, into a sportsman and a gentleman. He can share neither our toils nor our pleasures: you cannot harness a lion to a plough, nor can you, with a pack of lions, go hunting an elephant. He has no human interest about him. He is not even good to eat. From the fringe of his mangy and overrated mane to the tip of his tail (with which, I understand, he hits himself in order to overcome the natural cowardice of his disposition), from his mane to his tail, I say, he is one mass of unimportance. He is simply an overgrown stray cat. And he is a stray cat that never comes into our street. He is living his commonplace existence in regions where no white man can live without going mad with monotony and heat. We have to put him in our museums and such places, just as we have to put tiny little chips of grey stone that look as if you could pick them up in the street, or homely-looking brown beetles at which no self-respecting child could look twice. We have to do this because there are in the world a race of extraordinary people called men of science, who want to know all the facts, whether they are interesting or uninteresting facts. They cross-examine us about our experiences, as do the austere detectives of fiction about whom I wrote last week. They want to know every little detail of every passing day, however dull or seemingly unimportant. They ask us to search and prod our memories for the small things that so easily escape us; they attach importance to every little domestic incident, even to such a trifle as a lion.

But the only kind of lion that is of any earthly practical importance is the legendary lion. He really is a useful thing to have about the place. He holds up the shield of England, which would otherwise fall down, despite the well-meant efforts of the Unicorn, whose hoofs are deficient in a prehensile quality. The African lion does not matter to anyone. But the British Lion, though he does not exist, does matter. He means something; it is the only true object of existence to mean something; and the real African lion has never succeeded in meaning anything at all. The legendary lion, the lion that was made by man and not by Nature, he is indeed the king of beasts. He is a great work of art, a great creation of the genius of man, like Rouen Cathedral or the Iliad. We know his character perfectly well, as we know the character of Mr. Micawber or Macbeth, or many other persons who have never taken the trouble to exist in a mere material way. His virtues are the virtues of a grand European gentleman; there is nothing African about his ethics.

He has the sense of the sanctity and dignity of death which is behind so many of our ancient rites. He will not touch the dead. He has that strange worship of a bright and proud chastity which is the soul of our Europe, in Diana, in the Virgin Martyrs, in Britomart, which left a single white star in the sensual storms of the Elizabethan Drama, and which is reconquering the world in its new form—the worship of children. The lion will not hurt virgins. In an innumerable number of the old legends and poems you will find the description of the refusal of some eminent lion to touch some eminent young lady. Some say that this sense of delicacy is mutual; and that young ladies also refuse to touch lions. This may be true: but even if it is true it probably only applies to the lower or actual lion, the mere lion of Africa, a negligible creature whom we have already dismissed to wander in his deserts, deserts which are as futile as himself and which form the dustbin of the universe. The valuable lion, we have agreed, is a creature made entirely by man, like the chimæra and the hippogriff, the mermaid and the centaur, the giant with a hundred eyes, and the giant with a hundred hands. The lion on one side of the royal shield is as fabulous as the unicorn on the other side. In so far as he is not merely fantastic and impossible, he consists of all the aggregate good qualities of a kind of super-celestial country gentleman. He is the English aristocrat in a lion's skin. I intend no unpleasant allusion to another animal who once assumed that costume. I mean merely that the fabulous lion is really a human being: a thing which it is extremely difficult for a real lion to be. The heraldic lion is fading, I fear, upon our escutcheons. He still swings valiantly, however, over certain places of entertainment where so many of the kindlier traditions of our ancient civilisation have taken refuge. If you see the Red Lion, which should be on the shield of a knight, painted only on the signboard of an inn, remember all the great truths that you have read in this article; remember that this heraldic lion on the sign is the symbol of all that has lifted our Christian civilisation into life and energy and honour—magnanimity, valour, a disdain of easy victories, a scorn for all the scorners of the weak. Do not pass by "The Red Lion" with indifference or contempt. Now I come to think of it, you may not pass it by at all.

The heraldic lion has, perhaps, sprawled rather too widely over this article. A great many other examples might be taken. The heraldic leopard is not without his good points. The dog-headed men in Africa were full of interest; nor must we forget Sir Thomas Maundeville's memorable description of a hippopotamus, that it was "half man and half hors." That is what may be called an impressionist or symbolist sketch of it; it avoids teasing details, and gives a sense of mass and atmosphere. I have often looked at the hippopotamus in his cage at the Zoological Gardens, and wondered which part of his appearance or physiognomy impressed the incisive Sir Thomas Maundeville as being contributed by some human person of his acquaintance. Had Sir Thomas seen a very human class of hippopotamus, or had he mixed with a hippopotamic class of men? But the general remarks which I have made about the mediæval lion, the heraldic lion, apply equally well to all these other mediæval monstrosities or combinations. They were all fictitious. They were all entirely different to and independent of, the living creature upon which they were supposed to be modelled. And those who wrote about them and talked about them, and gravely disputed about all their characteristics, physical, mental, and moral, were, at the bottom of their hearts and the back of their minds, totally indifferent to whether they were true or not. The Middle Ages were full of logic. And logic in its examples and symbols is in its nature entirely indifferent to fact. It is as easy to be logical about things that do not exist as about things that do exist. If twice three is six, it is certain that three men with two legs each will have six legs between them. And if twice three is six, it is equally certain that three men with two heads each will have six heads between them. That there never were three men with two heads each does not invalidate the logic in the least. It makes the deduction impossible, but it does not make it illogical. Twice three is still six, whether you reckon it in pigs or in flaming dragons, whether you reckon it in cottages or in castles-in-the-air. And the object of all this great mediæval and Renaissance science was simply to find everywhere and anywhere examples of its philosophy. If the hippopotamus illustrated the idea of justice, well and good; if it did not, so much the worse for the hippopotamus. These ancients sought to make the brutes the mere symbol of the man. Some moderns seek to make Man a mere symbol of the brutes. These old scientists were only interested in the human side of the beasts. Some new scientists are only interested in the beastly side of the men. Instead of making the ape and tiger mere accessories to the man, they make man a mere accessory, a mere afterthought to the ape and tiger. Instead of employing the hippopotamus to illustrate their philosophy, they employ the hippopotamus to make their philosophy, and the great fat books he writes you and I, please God, will never read.

## THE FUTURE OF THE MOTOR.

Great demonstrations in the automobile world are about to take place in England and in France. Next month will see a giant show at Olympia, and a month later the annual Salon will open at the Grand Palais in the Champs Elysées. This is the first time that the English show has been held in advance of the French. Its object, of course, is to clip the wings of the Paris Exhibition. Whether it will succeed or not is another matter. What is certain is that the French manufacturers are not very well pleased at the prospect of being anticipated by their English confrères. Obviously they will have to show the best that is in them at Olympia, otherwise their English clients will complain. Then there is another difficulty. They will have to remove their cars from Olympia the moment the show is over to transport them across the Channel to the Paris exhibition, or they will have to make the cars in duplicate. Neither of these alternatives is very convenient to the French manufacturers. For some reason the Automobile Club de France is supporting the Olympia show, and taking little or no interest in the Crystal Palace show. The Crystal Palace is regarded as too far away from the centre of London to be of much practical good to the French manufacturers. I have taken the trouble to ascertain whether there are likely to be any startling features in the exhibitions of 1905. As far as I can hear, the innovations will not be of a sensational nature nor likely to appeal to the untechnical public. They will be in the direction of simplification and in the reduction of friction in running the machine. The long bodies are still as popular as ever, and the car of the present as well as of the future is one with a covered-in body. The open car has seen its day, as far as the highest class of demand is concerned. France still believes that it leads the way in motor-manufacture. Certainly the British models are generally some copy of the Continental types. The best and biggest cars are still imported, but England turns out some excellent small cars. Perhaps where its strength chiefly lies is in the manufacture of motor-omnibuses. One firm that I have heard of has been eminently successful in this direction, and has sufficient orders on its books to keep going for two years. A company has started which offers to shoe these vehicles for a certain fixed sum per car per year. The life of a tyre is reckoned at twelve thousand miles. It is in the commercial application of the motor that England seems to be about to lead the way.

Let us turn for a moment to the motor-boat industry. In France it has hardly left the stage of an elegant hobby. The French are not given to excursions on the water. The inland rivers, not excluding the Seine, are not exploited in the way the Thames is. The people do not go in a launch up and down the river as a fashion of spending a happy day. The man who buys a motor-boat in France uses it exclusively for racing. There are certainly some people who have yachts and who might convert their steam-pinnaces into petrol, but once that supply is furnished I see no particular future, at this present moment, for the motor-boat in France. The present type of motor-engine is inapplicable to tug-work. In England, on the other hand, there appears to be a distinct future for the new craft. There is a large yachting world, and in the Thames and in all the harbours along the coast are innumerable launches which might just as well be served by petrol as by steam. In order, however, to make a perfect success of the motor-boat industry, some new type of motor for use in boat-work should be evolved. If the motor is not working up to its full power, it is not doing the best that it can, and, consequently, what is wanted is a new type of slow motor.

In the railway development of the country the motor seems destined to play a very large part. There are innumerable branch lines in England, of perhaps four or five miles long, upon which the locomotive and carriages are run at a distinct loss to the company. A motor train—that is to say, a motor annexed to a long bogie carriage—would be a convenient and economical system. Motor omnibuses serving districts lying outside of direct railway communication would seem to have a great future. The practical man has often been tempted to ask why the automobile firms spend such vast sums of money upon racing experiments, when the cars or the boats used in these experiments are the purest racing-machines and have no practical commercial value. The reason is the desire of these manufacturers to advertise their motors in the hope that they may become an absolute and regular feature of commerce. For instance, one of the most successful firms, which has gained a reputation in racing, is now engaged in electric-light installation—that is to say, in putting in motors to run dynamos, a form of work for which the present type of explosion-engine is admirably fitted.

## THE LAST OF THE "GIBSON GIRL."

Mr. Charles Dana Gibson has said good-bye to black-and-white, and his cartoons of social satire have been abandoned in favour of portrait-painting. Mr. Gibson, enviable man, is to become a student once more; but he does not confess whether his studies are to lead him to a further apotheosis, in colour, of regal beauty that just misses being too full-blown. Meanwhile Mr. John Lane has published another of Mr. Gibson's albums in the prehistoric black-and-white, entitled "Our Neighbours." It was not to be expected or desired that the artist should see his neighbours in a too complimentary light. He has seen the world in the millionaire's palace, on the racecourse, in the art gallery, the theatre vestibule, the editorial sanctum, on the river, and in the streets, and has translated it all into his peculiarly harsh expression. But for an art student or two and a *mondaine* here and there, his vision is no dream of fair women (of the men we take no account), and he has certainly proved the universal ugliness of modern life. It is all vastly clever of its kind, but in effect terribly depressing. Perhaps it has reacted at length upon its maker, and this is why Mr. Gibson has flown to colour.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

A bright but extremely slight and artificial little play which drops into melodrama the moment it attempts to tell a story—such is "Captain Drew on Leave," the latest work of the youthful author of "Cousin Kate," "Cynthia," and "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace." Once more, as in the last-named piece, Mr. Hubert Henry Davies has furnished Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore with parts that fit them like the proverbial glove; once more he has shown his capacity for inventing sparkling dialogue and comic situations. But when it comes to attempting genuine comedy and devising plausible emotional scenes his ingenuity fails him, and what should have been the most affecting act of his new play no more carries conviction than did corresponding passages in the tale of "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace." The plot of "Captain Drew" is simplicity, not to say commonplaceness itself. A naval captain, who is a sad flirt, devotes his time on leave to making love to a married woman, only to discover to his horror and regret that he has roused in her a very serious and passionate affection. She visits his rooms at midnight to tell him of her love (there the melodrama begins), and (yet deeper plunge) is threatened with exposure by a spying blackmailer. Happily, the story's improbabilities are redeemed by the exquisite sincerity of the acting of Miss Marion Terry, whose portrait of the *femme incomprise* suddenly awakened to the pains and delights of love was full of the most touching sensibility. As for Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, is not the one, with his nicely pointed phrasing and his easy air of masterfulness, the most perfect and gallant of stage-lovers? Is not the other, with her pretty petulances and sublime assumptions of *naïveté*, the ideal stage rattle? Mr. Eille Norwood as the villain and Mr. Vane Tempest as a noodle are given but small chances; Mr. Louis Calvert is better served, and his impersonation of the phlegmatic but forgiving husband is one of this brilliant comedian's cleverest character-studies.

## "MAN AND SUPERMAN," AT THE COURT.

The "boom" in Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays continues merrily at the Court Theatre, and the successful but judiciously restricted revival of "John Bull's Other Island" has been followed by a revival of "Man and Superman" which seems likely to be equally popular and to keep the little Sloane Square playhouse well filled till the arrival of Mr. Shaw's eagerly expected Salvationist heroine, "Major" Barbara. "Man and Superman," to be sure, in its stage-version, docked as it is of its episode of Don Juan in Hell and its elaborate excursion into Nietzschean philosophy, cannot be described as much more than a very little, if very witty and exhilarating, piece of topsy-turvy comedy. But its central idea of Woman, the eternal hunter, pursuing her predestined prey, Man, as exemplified in its Bedford Park young lady who safely secures her misogynist philanderer despite all his wriggings; its audacious plan of making this hapless hero a youthful edition of the author himself, a point emphasised by the make-up of the hero's stage-exponent, Mr. Granville Barker; its unconventional love-scenes, also, in which the sweethearts be-rate one another and expose each other's weaknesses with brutal freedom; and, above all, its marvellously happy study of a chauffeur, justly proud of the efficiency of his Board School and Polytechnic education—these are elements which render the play, notwithstanding its thinness and repetitions of scheme, a fund of perpetual and quite innocent entertainment. The piece is for the most part represented by its original and very able cast. Nothing less than warm praise is merited by the performances of Mr. Granville Barker, Miss Lillah McCarthy, and Miss Sarah Brooke, or by Mr. Gwenn's delightful portrait of the chauffeur, while Mr. J. H. Barnes and the rest of the company all succeed in exactly catching the spirit of Mr. Shaw's whimsical and irresponsible humour.

## A NINETEENTH-CENTURY GUNNERY REFORMER.

BY THE LATE SIR W. LAIRD CLOWES.

Some of the events of the War of 1812 must have come as terrible shocks to the keener and more thoughtful of British naval officers. During the greater part of the previous twenty years the navy of George III. had been winning almost continuous triumphs over its enemies at sea, and, in the course of that period, had met and vanquished the finest fleets that France, Spain, and Holland could send out against it. Victory had become a habit; and the habit of success had begotten a dangerous contempt for every foe, and a carelessness which invited punishment. Then we fell out with our cousins across the Atlantic. They possessed but a few frigates and sloops, and the first appearance of the new enemy was so little regarded at the Admiralty that no special preparations worth mentioning were made for his chastisement. Yet our underrated cousins, in spite of our numerical superiority, soon brought us to our bearings. They began to capture our frigates; we failed to capture theirs, and the whale was actually doing very badly in the contest when a certain happy affair occurred off Boston Harbour on June 1, 1813.

The long and short of it is that the Americans excelled us in gunnery. Not only did their ships, ton for ton, carry heavier armaments than ours, but also those armaments were better served. Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, had devoted more attention than most of his contemporaries to gunnery. He, and his frigate, were exceptions to the general run of British captains and frigates at that time. And so, when he met the American frigate *Chesapeake*, of nearly equal force, he beat her, and showed his countrymen the way to further successes. Two years later, however, Britain found herself at peace with all the world, and most of her naval officers rapidly forgot the leading lessons of the disgraceful war of 1812. During the following decade naval

gunnery was more neglected than ever; and but for the labours of a small band of enlightened officers it would probably have gone from bad to worse right up to the time of the outbreak of the war with Russia in 1854.

Chief among these officers were Broke himself, Captains J. N. Tayler, James Marshall, and Thomas Hastings, and Commander George Smith, who were instigated and most powerfully backed up by General Sir Howard Douglas. They invented improvements, they advocated reforms, they worried the Admiralty in season and out of season, and at length, in 1830, Smith was allowed tentatively to assume the management of a gunnery school at Portsmouth. Smith was a most ingenious and able officer, but he does not seem to have been quite strong enough, and certainly he was not senior enough, to undertake the establishment and organisation of an entirely novel institution. He demonstrated, however, that there was a brilliant future for the school; and he so much impressed the authorities at Whitehall that, in the spring of 1832, their Lordships decided permanently to maintain a gunnery school on board the *Excellent*, 74, for the advanced training of officers and men of the service. The command of the ship was entrusted to Captain Thomas Hastings, who, besides possessing a distinguished war-record, had scientific qualifications which in those days were rare in the Navy. Ever since, the captainship of the *Excellent* has been one of the most sought-after and highly paid posts which a Captain can occupy.

The first Captain of the *Excellent* was a nephew of Warren Hastings, and son of a Worcestershire parson. He remained Captain of the *Excellent* for the extraordinary term of thirteen years and a quarter, and during the last six years was also Captain of the Royal Naval College; so that, perhaps, more than any other single man of his generation, he influenced the type of British naval officer that was rising to important command when sails finally gave way to steam, when iron took the place of wood, when rifled guns and breech-loaders superseded smooth-bore and muzzle-loaders, and when the torpedo began to assert itself. That epoch of change was a very critical period in the navy; and if a large body of officers had not been specially trained to understand the ever-growing scientific demands of the naval career, progress in the second half of the nineteenth century would have been seriously hampered, if not for a time checked altogether. It was as Captain of the *Excellent* and gunnery reformer that Hastings did his chief work; but, as Captain of the College, he also had the whole higher professional education of half-pay officers of superior rank under his charge, for the College at Portsmouth then did part of the work which the College at Greenwich does now.

During the greater part of Hastings' tenure of his command, there was no other naval gunnery school in the country. Captain Tayler, it is true, directed a tentative one in the *San Josef* at Devonport from 1838 to 1841, but the existing Devonport establishment, known as the *Cambridge*, was not set going until 1856. In the meantime, Hastings was the Percy Scott of his day. The gunnery exploits of his pupils were not very marvellous, if judged by modern standards. Contemporary records show that to hit a floating cask at a range of 400 yards twice in ten shots was deemed creditable, and that for a 32-pounder gun to discharge three rounds in two minutes was accounted good. Of course, seeing that the shot did not fit the bore with any degree of accuracy, and that it "wobbled" up and down on its way to the muzzle, no great precision was attainable even by the most expert marksmen; yet there is small doubt that, although the gunnery of Hastings' day was poor at its best, it was vastly better than the gunnery of any previous era. Probably very few gun-captains who served at Trafalgar were capable of hitting a haystack at five hundred yards twice in succession. Indeed, the fact that Nelson and Hardy were able to live for one minute on the quarter-deck of the *Victory* while that ship was in the closest action with the *Redoubtable*, whose tops were full of men with muskets, or, according to some accounts, with rifles, speaks volumes for the inefficiency of the most precise firearms of Hastings' youth.

For his good work at Portsmouth the first Captain of the *Excellent* was knighted in 1839 at the special request of the Admiralty, and he lived to become a flag-officer, and did not die until 1870, when he was eighty.

## AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

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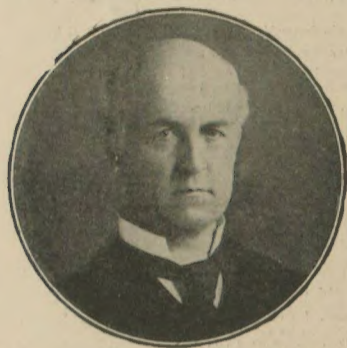
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## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE PRINCE'S  
DEPARTURE.

The long-talked-of Indian tour of the Prince of Wales has begun—that is to say, his Royal Highness and the Princess are now on their way to the East. The departure took place from Victoria Station on the morning of Oct. 19, when the King and Queen and a distinguished company bade the royal travellers God-speed. In attendance on their Royal Highnesses for the tour are Lady Eva Dugdale (Lady-in-Waiting), Sir Walter Lawrence, the Hon. Derek Keppel, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, Private Secretary to the Prince. The special train of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway conveyed the party to Dover, where there was an enthusiastic public greeting. At Dover they embarked on board the turbine-steamer *Invicta*, which bore them to Calais. There a special train was in waiting, which conveyed their Royal Highnesses by way of Paris to Genoa, where the *Renown*, transformed from warship to yacht, was in readiness for the voyage to the Orient. Genoa was reached on the evening of Oct. 20, and their Royal Highnesses were received by the Consul-General, Mr. Keene. There was, however, no ceremonial, beyond the expression of good wishes, and the presentation of a bouquet by Mrs. Chamber of Commerce also sent a bouquet, in a pot of Signa ware, on board the *Renown* for the Princess, who communicated her thanks through Sir Arthur Bigge. The King of Italy telegraphed his greeting to their Royal Highnesses as they entered Italy, and expressed his hope that the ties uniting the House of Savoy with the British Royal Family would be enduring. As the *Renown* and her escort left Genoa on the morning of Oct. 21, the Italian fleet saluted, and the courtesies of the sea were returned by the British vessels. Through the Straits of Messina the royal yacht was escorted by the Mediterranean Squadron, under Lord Charles Beresford. The important work of illustrating the tour for this Journal has been placed in the hands of our Special Artist, Mr. S. Begg, who is now on his way to India. Mr. Begg is one of the artists to whom the Prince has granted special facilities for accompanying his Royal Highness on his tour.

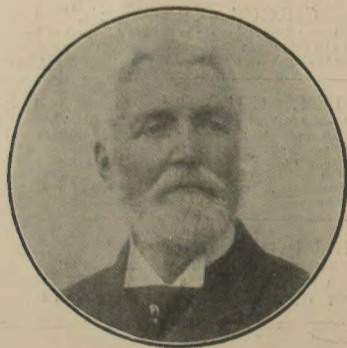


Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
MR. A. B. AYLESWORTH, K.C.,  
NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL FOR CANADA.

Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., New Postmaster-General for Canada, is also a K.C. He has no seat in the Dominion Parliament, as he was defeated at the last election, but he is to stand a contest in some constituency, possibly in the North Riding of York, Ontario, his predecessor's division.

## THE NELSON CENTENARY.

The National and Imperial worship of Nelson centred, of course, on the 100th anniversary of Trafalgar, around the column in Trafalgar Square. The decorations far exceeded in magnificence anything attempted since the Navy League first inaugurated the yearly celebrations. The column was decorated with forty tons of bay and laurel, and with some twenty thousand chrysanthemums. From at home and abroad came 126 very elaborate wreaths and designs, which were piled up at the foot of the column. Throughout the day



Photo, Parr.  
THE LATE MR. JAMES WAUGH,  
DOYEN OF NEWMARKET TRAINERS.

vast crowds passed through the Square, and at half-past four, the hour when Nelson died, a commemorative service was held. The plinth of the monument was used as a platform, on which were assembled Lord Nelson, Lord Ranfurly, Lord Strathcona, Lord Drogheda, Lord Cottesloe, Lord Cheylesmore, Mayor of Westminster, Admiral Sir E. Fremantle, and Bishop Welldon, several of the Agents-General, and Commander Crutchley, secretary of the Navy League, who was chiefly responsible for the arrangements. The flags were lowered to half-mast while the band of the Queen's Westminsters played "The Death of Nelson." A prayer by Bishop Welldon followed, and thereupon Mr. Alexander Watson recited Kipling's "Recessional." The flags were thereafter hoisted to the sound of the bugles of the Queen's Westminsters, and then the vast concourse of people sang the National Anthem, led by Mr. Robert Hilton. After the service the effectiveness of the scene in the square was heightened by a peculiarly lurid sunset.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

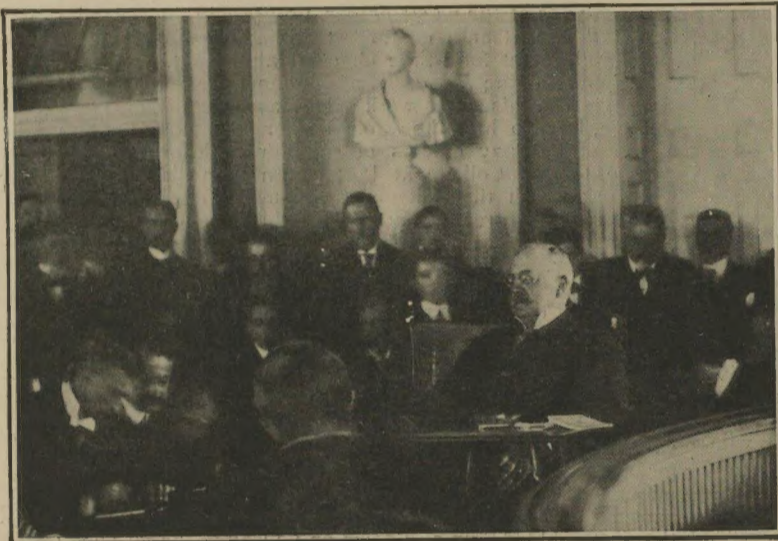
William Henry Leigh, second Baron Leigh and a Privy Councillor, was best known for the social, municipal, educational, and philanthropic work he did in Warwickshire, of which he became Lord



Photo, Whitlock.  
THE LATE LORD LEIGH,  
LORD LIEUTENANT OF WARWICKSHIRE.

Lieutenant in 1856. He was also a trustee of Rugby School, for four years a Captain in the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry, Honorary Colonel of the 1st Warwickshire Militia, a member of the Warwickshire County Council, an Alderman for the County, a Knight of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and Provincial Grand Master of Warwickshire. He was born in January 1824, and succeeded to the barony on the death of his father in 1850, two years after he had married Lady Caroline Amelia Grosvenor, fifth daughter of the second Marquis of Westminster.

Mr. James Waugh, who died on Oct. 23, at the age of seventy-four, was one of the best-known figures on the Turf, one who for over half a century had trained race-horses for many a famous owner. Mr. Waugh began his life's work when he was twenty or thereabouts, taking



Mr. McCurdy. [Photo, G. G. Bain.]  
THE STATE INQUIRY INTO THE AMERICAN INSURANCE SCANDALS:  
MR. RICHARD MCCURDY, CHAIRMAN OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,  
AT THE INVESTIGATION.

What are generally known as the New York Insurance scandals were brought about by a quarrel between Mr. Alexander, the Chairman of the Equitable, and Mr. James Hazen Hyde, son of the founder of the Equitable. Mr. Hyde, it is alleged, charged the expenses of a dinner to M. Cambon and a Louis Quinze Ball to the Equitable Advertising Fund, on the ground that he was advertising the company by the entertainments. Mr. Alexander held other views, and these views soon spread over New York, various inquiries and many charges of corruption against the New York insurance companies being the result.

up the position of private trainer to Mr. John Grainger, the banker, and often riding in cross-country races himself. Later he went, in turn, to Gullane, Illesley, Hungary, and, finally, Newmarket. Amongst his patrons were Count Esterhazy, Baron N. de Rothschild, Lord Coventry, Lord Rendlesham, Lord Russell of Killowen, Lady Meux, Lord Cadogan, Sir Robert and Mr. J. D. Jardine, and Lord Berkeley Paget.

Brigadier-General Sir William Henry Manning, who has been appointed to succeed the late Sir Donald Stewart



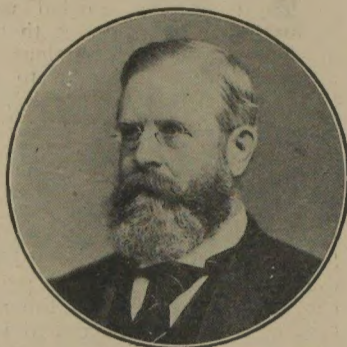
Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. MANNING,  
NEW COMMISSIONER OF THE EAST AFRICAN PROTECTORATE.

as Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the East African Protectorate at Mombasa, entered the Army in 1886, and amongst other duties has filled those of Deputy

Commissioner and Consul for British Central Africa, Inspector-General of the King's African Rifles, and Commander of the Somaliland Field Force. He has seen active service in Burmah, on the North-West Frontier of India, in Central Africa, in Rhodesia, and in Somaliland. General Manning is a master of organisation and detail.

Baron Desidarius Pronay, Leader of the Opposition in the Hungarian House of Lords, has been brought into some prominence by the Hungarian crisis. He is one of the magnates who have offered to sacrifice a year's income for the benefit of the country officials who are in disagreement with the Fejervary Government, should the King refuse to vote the funds necessary for the maintenance of those officials.

By the resignation of Sir William Mulock, Postmaster-General for Canada, Colonial Ministers have lost one of their most cultured colleagues. The son of a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, Sir William, not to be behind his father, had a brilliant career at the University of Toronto, winning the gold medal for modern languages, taking the degrees of M.A. and LL.D., and acting as Senator of the University and as its Vice-Chancellor. He is a K.C., a partner in one of the leading legal firms in Canada; has sat in the Dominion House of Commons for five-and-twenty years; and is one of the best debaters of the Canadian Liberal Party.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
SIR WILLIAM MULOCK,  
EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL FOR CANADA.

Sir William Mulock's successor, Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, is also a K.C. He has no seat in the Dominion Parliament, as he was defeated at the last election, but he is to stand a contest in some constituency, possibly in the North Riding of York, Ontario, his predecessor's division.

With the most solemn and picturesque ceremony England can bestow and in the place reserved by ancient use for the greatest, the ashes of Sir Henry Irving were on Oct. 20 laid to rest. Westminster Abbey was thronged by a vast and representative assembly gathered to do honour to a man who had by his single-hearted devotion to his profession raised it to a public esteem that it had never before enjoyed. The evening preceding the burial, the remains had been brought from the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's house, where they had lain in state, and were deposited in the Chapel of St. Faith. At noon the choir entered the Abbey, singing "Brief life is here our portion," and behind them, through the nave and up the choir, the coffin was borne to the catafalque in the Sanctuary. Canon Duckworth, the Sub-Dean, and Bishop Welldon took their places at the altar-rails and began the service. The Psalm, "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge" was sung to Purcell's music, and then followed the lesson from



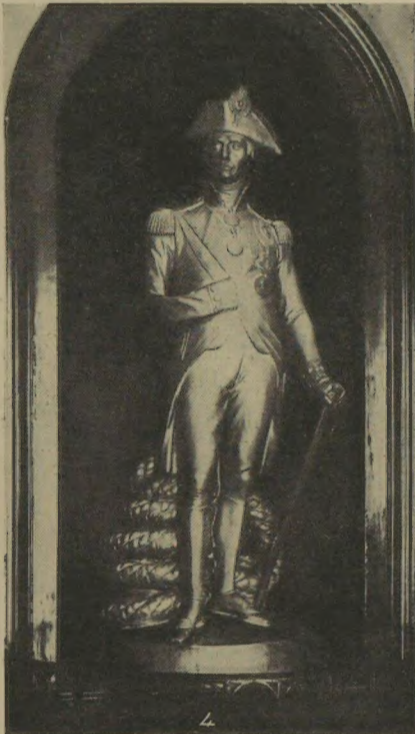
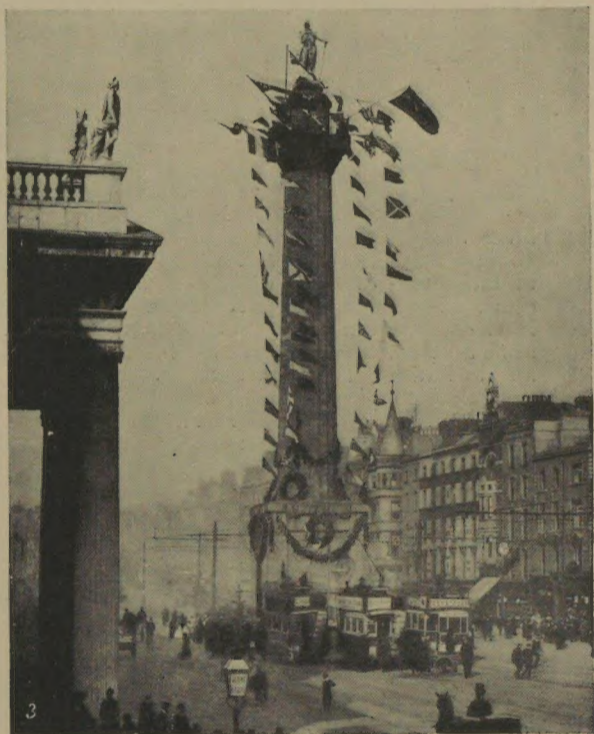
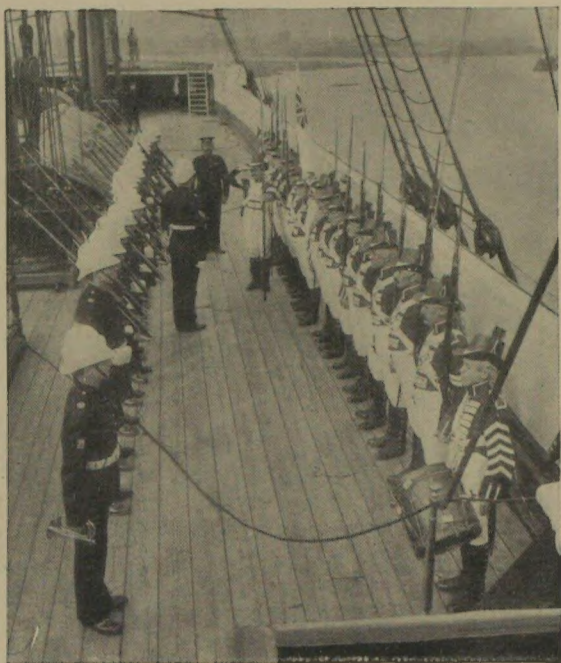
BARON DESIDIARIUS PRONAY,  
LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION IN THE  
HUNGARIAN HOUSE OF LORDS.

I. Corinthians xv. Afterwards "Crossing the Bar" was sung to Bridge's setting, and this was succeeded by Sullivan's "Weep ye not." Shortly thereafter, to the majestic music of the march from "Coriolanus," the coffin was borne to the grave in Poets' Corner, where, by the side of Garrick, and beneath the cenotaph of Shakspeare, all that was mortal of Henry Irving was committed to the dust. The Dean, who had risen from a sick-bed to be present, pronounced the Benediction, and with the Dead March in "Saul" the impressive ceremony concluded.

Among those present was the King's representative, Sir Dighton Probyn; Earl Howe represented the Queen, and Sir W. Carington the Prince and Princess of Wales. Everyone of note in the theatrical world was there, and of the nearest relations of the dead were Lady Irving, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Irving and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving, and Master Laurence Irving, Mr. H. B. Irving's little boy. The pall-bearers were all old friends of Sir Henry—Lord Aberdeen, Sir Squire Bancroft, Lord Tennyson, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. John Hare, Lord Burnham, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Sir James Dewar, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. A. W. Pinero, and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P. Among the general

# TRAFALGAR CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GALE AND POLDEN, LAFAYETTE, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, HAINES, ROTM, AND GREENBANK



1. REVIVING TRAFALGAR TIMES ON BOARD THE "VICTORY": A GUARD OF MARINES OF 1805 RELIEVED BY A GUARD OF 1905. THE DRUM IN THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS USED AT TRAFALGAR.
2. THE CELEBRATIONS AT MONMOUTH: SCHOOL-CHILDREN FORMING THE NAME OF NELSON ON THE GREEN ADJOINING THE NAVAL TEMPLE, WHERE ARE PORTRAITS OF NELSON'S ADMIRALS.
3. IN DUBLIN: THE NELSON COLUMN DECORATED.

4. THE ORIGINAL MODEL OF THE NELSON STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, PRESERVED IN THE OLD ADMIRALTY BUILDING.
5. THE DECORATIONS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: NELSON'S SIGNAL FLYING FROM THE COLUMN.
6. FROM THE MASTERS OF SEDBERGH SCHOOL: WREATH SENT TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
7. IN LIVERPOOL: THE NELSON MONUMENT DECORATED.

The most picturesque of the Nelson celebrations was that on board the "Victory," where a guard of Marines in the uniform of 1805 was mounted during one of the watches on October 21. In Trafalgar Square the decorations exceeded anything that has hitherto been attempted, and from the corners of the capital flew the flags which gave the famous signal to the fleet. Throughout the country the day was observed with decorations and ceremonies.

company of mourners were Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Alfred Austin, Sir Theodore Martin, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Knollys, the Lord Mayor, Sir George Lewis, and nearly every bearer of a name that stands for something in our national life. The Comédie Française sent MM. G. Baillot and Albert Lambert, representing MM. Jules Claretie, Mounet-Sully, and Coquelin cadet. M. Claretie sent an oration, but, as the customs of burial within the Abbey do not permit of the delivery of such tributes, its bearers contented themselves with handing it privately to Mr. H. B. Irving. They knelt, however, in silent prayer beside the open grave, thus publicly paying the homage of French histrionic art to the dead leader of the English Stage.

#### THE JAPANESE TRIUMPH.

The Emperor of Japan celebrated on Oct. 23 what may be regarded as the modern equivalent of a Roman triumph. At Yokohama the Japanese Fleet was drawn up in six lines, and among the ships were the captured Russian vessels *Peresviet*, *Poltava*, *Nicholas I.*, *General Admiral Apraxin*, and *Admiral Seniavin*, together with twelve auxiliary cruisers, including three formerly belonging to Russia. On board the *Asama*, the Emperor, accompanied by a naval escort, passed along the lines amid the most tremendous popular enthusiasm. Thousands of persons witnessed the review from ships, and the shores of Yokohama Bay were lined with dense crowds of spectators. To the Japanese the occasion was one which brought feelings akin to those which animated Great Britain a hundred years ago, when Trafalgar had finally dispelled the national apprehension lest we should lose the supremacy of the sea. It was the realisation for Japan of the gain brought to her by her long struggle. The dissatisfaction with the peace was but an inevitable and scarcely considerable incident, and the future will prove how secure her apparent concessions have made Japan's position among the nations. The recent review was but a symbol of the truth that it is her sea-power which has set Japan where she is; but mere armament would have been nothing had the direction and personnel of her navy been anything less efficient than they are; hence the head of the Empire had by him on the quarter-deck of the *Asama* his greatest sailor, Admiral Togo.

a great array of bunting, French and Spanish flags, and even English and Italian, was displayed to prove how universal was the good feeling towards Spain's great neighbour. After his arrival at the Palace, M. Loubet



A FRENCH TRIBUTE TO A GREAT BRITISH SHIPPING COMPANY.

The French Embassy has forwarded to Messrs. Donald Currie and Co., of the Union Castle Line, a bronze statue as a token of appreciation from the French visitors who were entertained on board the "Armada Castle" during the visit of the French Fleet at Cowes last August. The statue was accompanied by a very cordial letter acknowledging the company's hospitality.

first paid his respects to the Queen-Dowager, whose welcome was most gracious and sympathetic. The President then visited the Princesses Maria Theresa, Isabella, and Eulalia, and thereafter he received the diplomatic corps, and the French societies in Spain. The day closed with a state banquet. A most interesting feature of the visit is the presence with M. Loubet in the Spanish capital of the French

them with the utmost cordiality. He then introduced them to the Queen-Mother, whose manner to her son's guards when in Paris was particularly gracious.

#### RUSSIAN REFORM.

It is always prudent to take with considerable reserve the news which has been rather too often repeated that Russian reform is at hand; but once more there has been a definite pronouncement. After hot discussions among the councillors, Count Witte has had his way, and it is announced that he has persuaded the Tsar to concede the great elements of liberty. A Bill has been drawn up granting the freedom of the Press, and another Bill is being prepared securing the rights of association and of public meeting. Count Witte has also laid before the Emperor his views on the question of a Cabinet, and these have been approved. All Ministers are to receive their authority from the Tsar, and will retain it during his pleasure, but only one member of the Administration is to have greater responsibility and to hold unquestioned superiority over his colleagues. This, it is believed, will obviate the intrigues of Minister against Minister. Count Witte proposes to proclaim one official the Minister-President, and to invest him with a real influence over his colleagues' action and tenure of office.

#### THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

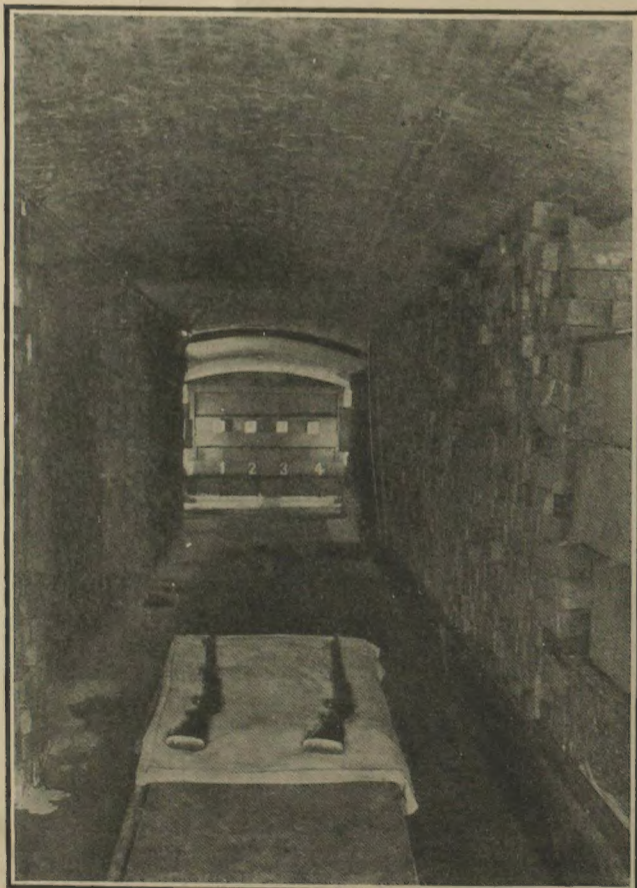
While the optimists see in constitutional government a panacea for the woes of Russia, the outlook upon the country is quite as discouraging as it was during the worst days of the war. The railway strike has assumed appalling dimensions; Moscow is isolated, so also is Nijni Novgorod and many other cities. The railway bridges are blocked with upturned waggons; goods and mails lie undelivered, telegraphs and telephones have been cut, the Cossacks and police are assailed with bombs. The whole situation is that of industrial warfare at its bitterest. Blacklegs are unmercifully handled, and agitators are urging the strikers to further excesses. In the dearth of engine-drivers, Prince Khilkoff, the Minister of Railways, himself undertook the driving of a train.

#### THE NORWEGIAN THRONE.

There seems to be every probability that parties in Norway will come to a satisfactory understanding regarding an invitation to Prince Charles of Denmark to become King. There has been talk of applying the referendum in order to make the wishes of the people perfectly clear, but it has been contended by an influential Norwegian journal that if the Government, which represents all parties except the Socialists, resolves to issue an invitation, that must be held virtually to be equivalent to popular election. That there should be some general expression of national feeling seems to be the view of King Christian, who has said, "My grandson must be in full accord with a people possibly

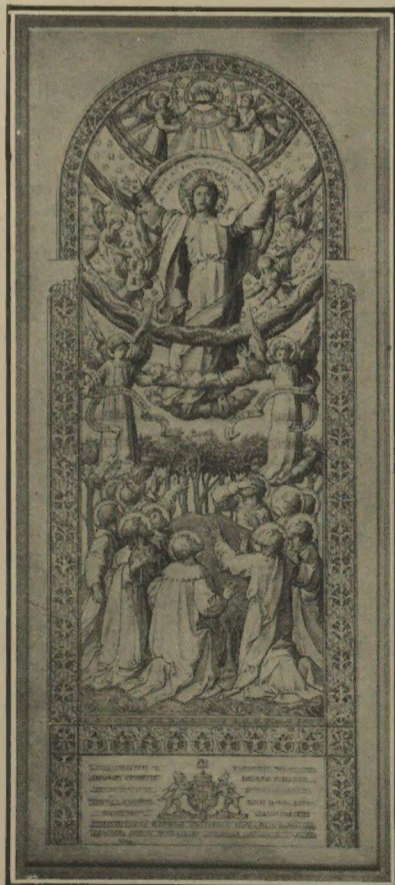
#### PRESIDENT LOUBET IN SPAIN.

The hospitality extended to King Alfonso during his visit to Paris is now being returned at Madrid, where President Loubet arrived on Oct. 23. The Madrileños had put their city en fête to do honour to the foremost French citizen. The city was crowded with visitors, and scenes of enthusiasm greeted the President as he drove from the Southern Station to the Palace. At the terminus King Alfonso and the Infante Ferdinand of Bavaria, accompanied by the representatives of the official world, met and greeted M. Loubet with great heartiness. The escort was formed by the General Staff and the Horse Guards, and the route, which was by way of the Botanical Park,



A RIFLE RANGE BELOW A CHURCH: A NEW DEPARTURE BY THE MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER.

The Mayor of Westminster has presented to the Westminster employees one of the best-equipped miniature rifle-ranges in London. The range is in the vaults under St. Martin's Church, and affords a curious variant of the idea of a Church Militant.



DETAIL OF THE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

THE BLUNDERING MEMORIAL TO THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE IN THE GUARDS' CHAPEL, UNVEILED BY THE KING, OCTOBER 22.

The King, accompanied by the Queen, attended service at the Guards' Chapel in Wellington Barracks last Sunday, and just before the sermon unveiled the memorial window to the late Duke of Cambridge. Unfortunately the inscription beneath the window had been either carelessly composed or carelessly cut, and abounded in blunders, the worst being the omission of "George" from the Duke's name. The King immediately pointed this out.



THE WINDOW WITH THE INACCURATE INSCRIPTION.

to be ruled by him, and therefore I am awaiting some guarantees that his election will represent the true will of the Norwegian people." Dr. Nansen has been in Copenhagen preparing the way for Prince Charles's candidature.

the Museo del Prado, the Puerta del Sol, and the old Calle Mayor, was lined with 9000 troops of all arms. As the cavalcade passed on its way, the bands played alternately the "Marseillaise" and the Spanish Royal March. Even at a distance from the line of procession

General Debatisse, Colonel Lamy, and the two captains of French Cuirassiers who rode at King Alfonso's side in Paris during the Anarchist attempt on his Majesty's life. At the railway station the King at once recognised these officers, moved across the platform, and greeted

# A STRANGE IMPULSE OF MOORISH FANATICISM.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE FRENZIED AISAWI TEARING A SHEEP TO PIECES.

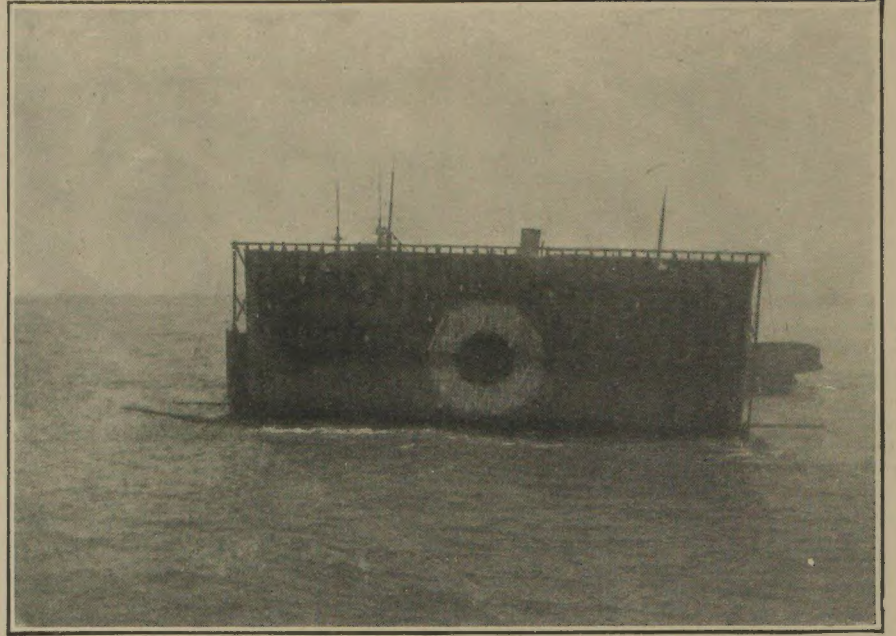
*The Aisawi, or followers of Mohammed bin Aisa of Mequinez, the patron saint of snake-charmers, are famous for their amusing and disgusting rites. During the Moolud Festival they sometimes rise to such a pitch of frenzy that they even devour raw sheep.*

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



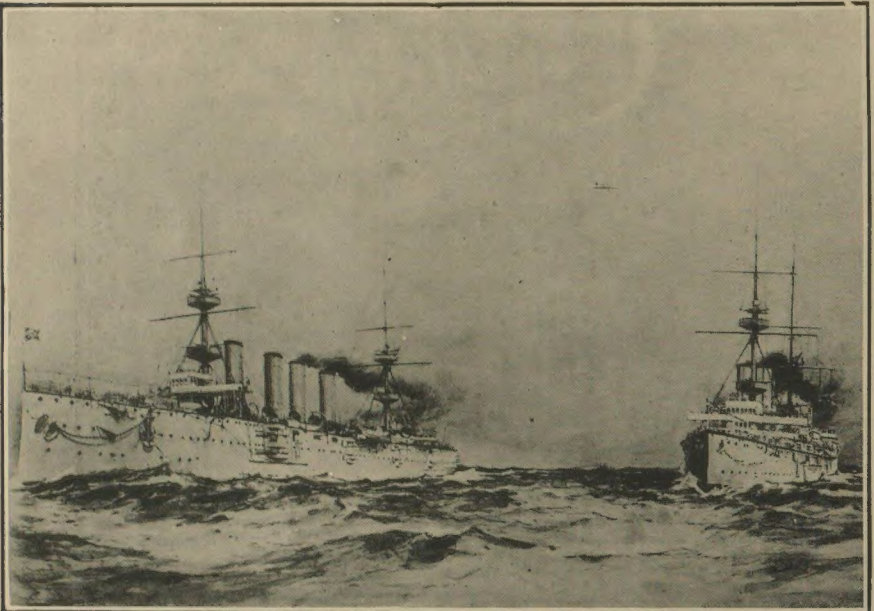
INDIA, BUT LIKE THE THAMES: THE SECOND GREAT FLOOD THIS YEAR IN CASHMERE.

*Twice this year great damage has been done in the Valley of Srinagar. In May the bund protected the town, but in September it gave way, and a lake about twelve feet deep was formed round the private residences. The stampede of the inhabitants resembled that which takes place before an invading army.*



THE "KING EDWARD VII.'S" FIGHTING RECORD IN GUNNERY:  
A TARGET AFTER PRACTICE.

*The target here illustrated was used by the "King Edward VII." during a recent practice in Tetuan Bay. The range was a little over three miles, and as the vessel was steaming at the time of the firing at nearly full speed, the number and position of the hits proclaims the high average of marksmanship on board our biggest war-vessel.*

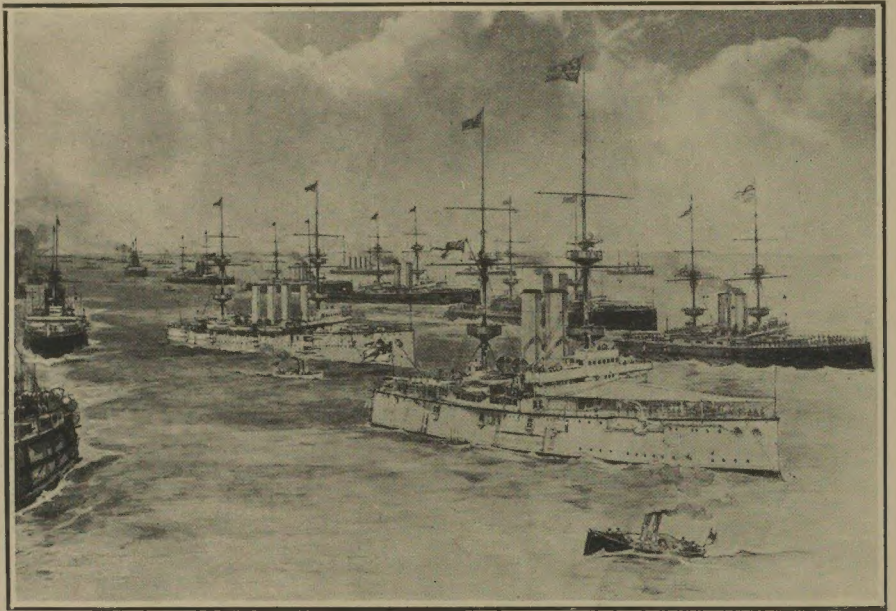


THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VOYAGE TO INDIA: H.M.S. "RENOWN" AND HER ESCORT, THE "TERRIBLE," EN ROUTE FOR BOMBAY.

EARLY INCIDENTS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VOYAGE TO INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB.

*The Prince and Princess of Wales joined the "Renown" at Genoa, and sailed on October 21. Shortly after leaving Genoa they passed the Italian Fleet and exchanged salutes, and in the Straits of Messina they fell in with the Mediterranean Squadron under Lord Charles Beresford. Our second photograph shows the Mediterranean Squadron manœuvring past the "Renown" and her escort in formation of three lines abreast.*



THE PRINCE MEETS THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON NEAR THE STRAITS OF MESSINA.



Photo. Topical.

THE OPENING OF THE TRAFALGAR DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON.

*On October 21 the new graving-dock at Southampton, the sixth which the port possesses, was opened by the Marquis of Winchester. The dock holds 85,000 tons of water, and can be emptied in two and a-half hours. It was almost inevitable that it should be named Trafalgar Dock.*

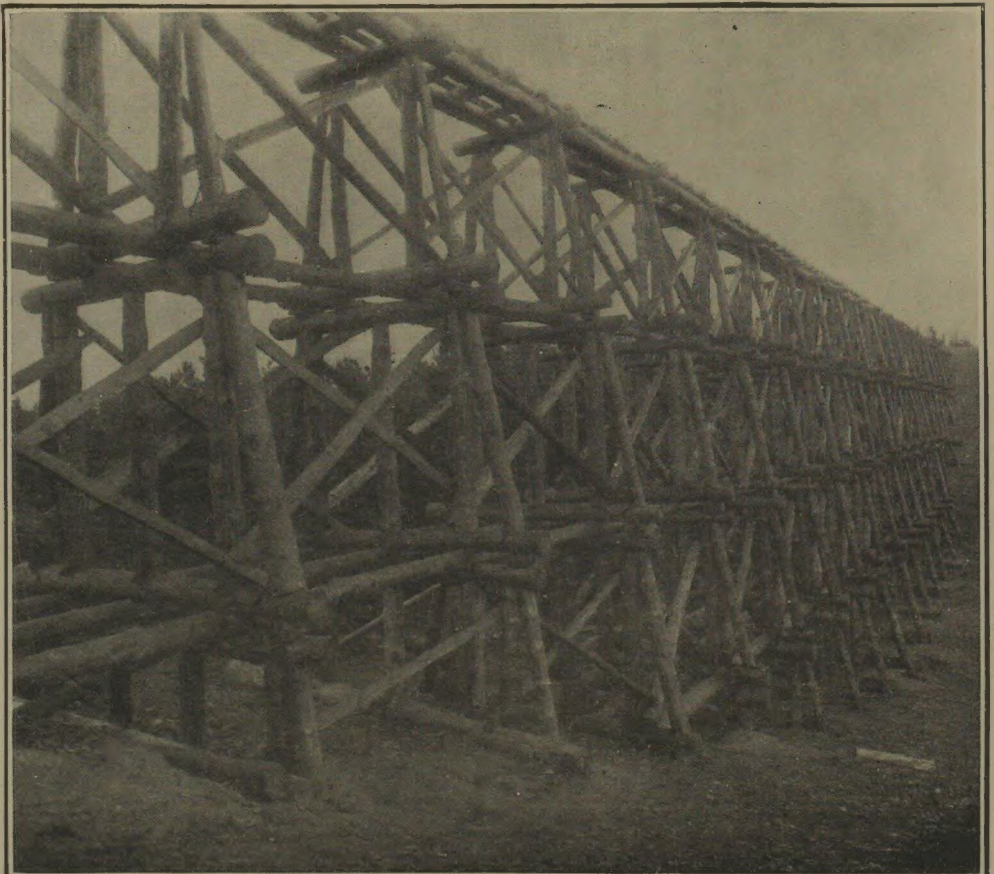


Photo. Knight, Aldershot.

A FEAT BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS: A FOUR-TIER TRESTLE RAILWAY-BRIDGE AT PIRBRIGHT.

*The bridge, which spans the valley of Curzon Bridges, is 334 feet long and 41 feet high. The width of the rail is 2 feet 0 inches. It was built in twenty-seven and a-half working days by four sergeants and ninety-five sappers, using three fifty-foot derricks. It has been tested successfully to carry ten tons, and is suitable for light railway traffic.*

# THE DUPLICATE.

By OWEN OLIVER.

\*

Illustrated by J. R. SKELTON.

HE bound me with great oaths before he led me to his laboratory. It was a long, low room, panelled with aged oak and crowded with strange instruments. It had five narrow windows along one side and a door at the far end. The walls were covered with shelves, and the shelves were covered with brains, or things that looked like brains. They were harder to the touch and coated with transparent varnish to preserve them.

One of the brains stood by itself on a tripod, in front of a chair like a dentist's chair. Two wires were fitted to the tripod. They ended in a sort of india-rubber skull-cap.

"That," he said, "is the duplicate."

I looked down curiously upon the model. It was the replica of a young girl's brain, if he had told me truly, and recorded every impression of her life, as the cylinder of a phonograph records the voice that speaks to it. The tripod and the wires and the cap reproduced the impressions on the duplicate in such a form that another mind could read them off.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said incredulously, "that by means of this instrument I can perceive everything she knows, or feels, or does in her life?"

"You can live her life—be her for the time being. You won't know at the moment that you are studying her, or that there is such a person as yourself; but you'll remember afterwards. Sit down." I sat down. "Now I'll put on the cap." He put it on my head.

He was standing beside me, holding the cap, when I found my own life again. I drew a deep breath and looked at myself to see that I was myself. Then I looked at him, and he laughed, showing his teeth like a savage animal. If I used a single word to describe him it would be "un-human"; a brute creature with intelligence—super-human intelligence—that a brute should not have. I did not know his name, and do not know it now. I was a hunted man, and he had accosted me in a café and offered me an asylum. I am ignorant how he knew me or my straits. He had sources of knowledge which I have never been able to understand.

"Well," he asked with his snarling grin, "what have you been doing?"

I drew another deep breath.

"I have been walking through lanes and fields. I was a child; a young girl of fifteen; and I sang . . . I had big, dark eyes, and long hair down my back. I admired myself in a clear pool, and wondered if a boy who passed admired me. I chased a butterfly across a meadow, and put a fallen fledgling back in its nest; kissed its downy feathers. I wondered what was behind the sky, and what the lark saw when he soared up in it. I felt a prayer—I!" I buried my face in my hands.

"You can feel prayers whenever you put on the cap," he assured me, chuckling softly. "So long as she feels prayers. They change as they grow, these pretty creatures!" He laughed cunningly. "I had another duplicate once." He jerked his finger towards a shelf. "She's forgotten her prayers, and changed to a—well, you can't be her now; and you wouldn't want to be."

I shuddered.

"And the rest?" I inquired. "The other brains? Aren't they duplicates?"

"They're multiplicates; the counterparts, not of one life, but of many. Common brains aren't different for each individual. There are two or three hundred types. I have made about one hundred and seventy of them. Each corresponds to thousands of individuals, and records thousands of lives. So you can't pick out any individual to study. If you try to, you get an overpowering whirl of sensation, which knocks you up for days afterwards."

"What's the use of them, if you can't study them?"

He sat down in a chair and leaned towards me.

"I don't want to study them. I want them to study me; to reproduce me in their thousands of lives. Don't you see?" He gripped me excitedly by the arm. "Suppose I could reproduce your thoughts in this child's mind, as I can reproduce hers in yours?"

"Heaven forbid!" I ejaculated.

He threw back his head and screamed with merriment.

"There is no immediate danger," he consoled me. "I can't do it—at present. But"—he gripped my arm furiously—"I shall be able to some day. We shan't waste our time on her then—on a foolish little girl whose life is no use to us. We shall put our wishes into these thousands of stupid minds. We shall make them live their thousands of stupid lives at our will. We shall govern the world, you and I—govern the world!"

"Govern the world!" I wiped my forehead slowly.

"It needs a strong man to govern the world—and a good."

"Exactly," he agreed drily. "A strong man, and a good man. I am strong, and you are good. I

of the earth if you please. I don't want any. I want power. Power!" He raised his voice to a scream.

"They can pay you!"

"The world owes me something," I said grimly. "I'll make it pay. I accept your terms, on one condition."

He gave an interrogative nod sideways towards the duplicate.

"Yes," I assented, "that is the condition. You're not to rule her."

He considered with his chin in his hand.

"We must make her do things," he said, "to test my discoveries. We've no other means of testing them. But we needn't tell her to do anything 'wrong.' He sneered at the word. "You can put your mind into her, and make her as good as—yourself." He sneered again. "Will that satisfy you?"

It did not satisfy me; but I knew that even my thoughts would be better for her than his, and I saw no other way of saving her from him. So I stayed.

I entered upon my servitude at once, and did not leave his house for over two years. It ceased to be

servitude after a few days, for the fire of knowledge caught me, and my work became a pleasure. He was unspeakably clever, and I was not a fool, and he taught me very patiently. I worked fourteen hours a day at chemistry and physiology, and at sciences which have no name, and have died with him. I learnt every little convolution of the brain, and how to make the models that he fashioned out of wax and the marrow of animals, by a process not unlike electrolysis. I became very expert in this, and made hundreds of models. I hoped that I might hit upon another duplicate to take the place of the little girl, in his experiments; but most of my creations failed to correspond exactly to any living minds; and each of the rest (about sixty) corresponded equally well to many. My nearest approach to success was a model which counterparted the brains of only five persons. We could disentangle portions of their separate lives occasionally (one was a Cabinet Minister and another a shoemaker!), but usually their thoughts and feelings, and actions were confused together. So "Molly" (that was her name) remained our only "duplicate"; and when we wished to study

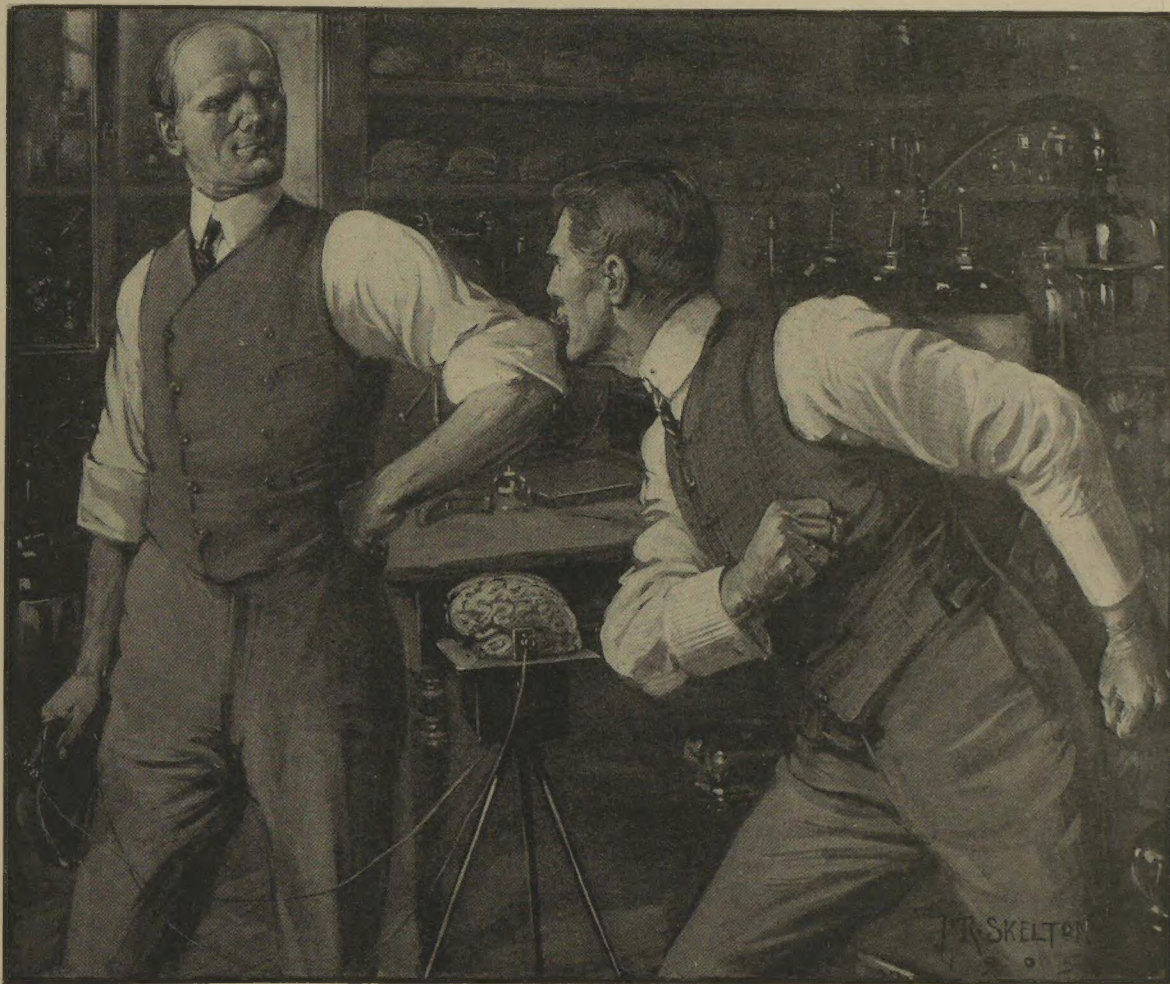
the reproduction of mind in mind, we had to reproduce her life in ours.

This part of our work fell to me. My nameless master disliked Molly and her life, and was very averse from reproducing it in himself. I do not know that I liked her innocent life, but I liked her.

She lived with her parents at Ruslington, and went to the High School there. She was a favourite with the girls, a favourite with the mistresses, a favourite with everybody. She was pretty at first. She grew prettier and prettier, and just a trifle vain. She had passing likings for various boys and a preposterous admiration for a conceited curate. If my mind ever put a thought into hers, it would turn the curate out, I decided. There was nothing else that I could wish to alter in her. She was merry and kind and innocent and loyal. There was never, I am sure, a living duplicate of her anywhere.

Her life preached to me whenever I remembered it; and I never could help remembering it. She and my hard work made a man of me. I should have run away from my master and his impious project; but I feared him a great deal, and I feared leaving her at his mercy still more. He told me that I could not destroy the duplicate without torturing and killing her. I think this was a lie; but I believed it then. So I stayed with him. We worked—worked—always worked! I lived in the laboratory, and slept in the little room through the door at the end.

Two years and a few months passed, and he seemed no nearer to the discovery of the means by which we



"Interfere again between her and me, and I'll kill you. I mean it."

suppose it never occurred to you that you were, did it? The world doesn't think so! Some of the amiable thousands who haven't a mind of their own are hunting you down as a pest to society, aren't they? You're not any too good, but you're good enough for my purpose. You have the germs of a moral sense. You wouldn't hurt the foolish little duplicate, for example?"

"No," I said, "I wouldn't. If you call that a moral sense, you're easily satisfied. Why do you want a moral sense?"

"Because I can't govern the world without it. Society is bound together by the cement of morality. It would fall to pieces if it reproduced me too exactly. I want you to supply enough 'cement' to hold it together. It won't be too moral a world under your rule!" He chuckled again.

"No, it wouldn't," I rose. "But I'm a little better than you think. I don't want to model the world upon myself."

"Pshaw! What has the world done for you? What is it going to do for you if you refuse my offer?"

I sat down again and frowned. After all, the world was my enemy; and, as he said, it was hunting me down.

"What will you do for me?" I asked. "And what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to stop with me and assist me for three years. I will feed you, clothe you, teach you."

"And pay me?" I suggested.

"You won't need me to pay you. You can take what payment you choose from the millions whom we shall rule. You can make them give you half the riches

were to rule the earth; and then he hit upon it. It was six o'clock in the evening. I was adding a *medulla oblongata* to a model brain, to see if this would give it more responsiveness. He was sitting at a side-table, experimenting with fizzing acids upon a new substance he had made to embody the properties of organic tissues in the inorganic form of a metal. He called it cerebrite. Suddenly he gave a shout.

"I've done it!" he cried. "I've done it! Look!" I dropped my model and sprang to my feet. He had a number of little oblong pieces of cerebrite, standing on end in a shallow tray containing an acid unknown to science. He held a similar piece of cerebrite in small insulated tongs connected with a complex arrangement of batteries and coils. He moved the piece of cerebrite in the tongs slowly, and the pieces in the tray moved in exact correspondence. They followed the piece in the tongs, when he moved them as far as the connecting-wires would allow, and hung in the air without support. They fell on the floor when he disconnected the tongs from the apparatus.

He laughed almost hysterically and staggered to the sideboard and took a glass of wine, and gave me one.

"To the rulers of the world!" he said. "The rulers of the world!"

I felt hysterical too. It was a great thing, I thought, to rule the world; and I forgot my scruples.

"Are you sure?" I asked eagerly. "Quite sure?"

"We will test it," he said. "Fetch the duplicate." I kept it in my room.

My exhilaration vanished, and I drew back from him. I was going to refuse; but he looked at me. There was more than words could threaten in his eyes. I am not an easy man to move by threats; but I thought that if he killed me, she would be utterly at his mercy. I rose slowly and brought the ugly varnished little brain so full of sweet thoughts.

"I will make her drop her handkerchief," I proposed, "or—sing something."

"Don't be a fool!" He tried to push me aside. "You can't talk to her as if she were a phonograph, or make her do fool's tricks. She'll just think what you think, that's all. You'll only make a muddle of it. I'll deal with her."

"No!" I stood between him and the tripod. He stared at me, and his eye seemed to push me backwards.

"Imbecile!" he snapped. "As if *she* matters, when there's the whole world. Well, I won't hurt her. You know I keep my word. You shall duplicate her and see. You had better. Sit down."

I sat down, and he put the cap on me.

He laughed at me when I came to. I clenched my hands, and he laughed again.

"What is she thinking of?" he asked.

"I shan't tell you."

"Then I'll tell you. She's thinking of—*you*! When I found her, she was trying to picture the man she would like to marry. She's turned seventeen, you know, and they do think of such things. I thought of *you*! She'll know you when she meets you, and fall into your arms. Aren't you going to thank me?"

I leaned forward towards him over the tripod. "Interfere again between her and me," I said, "and I'll kill you. I mean it."

He nodded calmly.

"So I perceive. It would be inconvenient to me to be killed just at present. So I'll make you a present of our precious duplicate. I can spare one silly little girl. I've the world to govern."

He began the next morning.

We had now two hundred and thirty-two brain-multiplicates. He arranged them on the bed and tables of my room, which I resigned to him, and connected them by wires with an apparatus of the nature of which I will give no hint. It was connected with two discs of cerebrite, which he fastened at the side of his head, and through which, in some way which I do not clearly understand, his mind conveyed its commands. In one or two instances he unconsciously betrayed his thoughts by acting them out. I only knew the rest afterwards.

On the first morning he shouted a verse of the "Marseillaise" as he sat at the instrument. In a few minutes people were shouting it as they passed in the street. The few who were silent (our collection of multiplicates did not include quite all the types of brain) looked aghast at the rest. In the afternoon he raised one hand aloft; and the people in the street walked by holding up their hands. The only evening paper

published said that an epidemic of madness, or diabolical possession, had broken out. It was a scantily printed half-sheet, as only a few of the staff had escaped the horror.

I remonstrated with him upon the degrading and purposeless form which his commands took; but he said that these trifling experiments were necessary, and the time for the cement of my morality had not come yet. He detected the inclination in my mind to restrain him forcibly, and warned me that I did not know how to preserve the duplicate from decay, and that, if he chose, she would die slowly and in tortures. Also he kept a revolver in his hand.

Nevertheless, I think I should have tried to kill him if I had known the horrors he was working; how he preached anarchy and men practised it; how howling mobs pillaged and slew all over the world; how the police who were sent to disperse the mobs joined them, and the soldiers who were called out turned their arms against the innocent; how rulers were slain, and law ceased, and chaos reigned. You may think that I ought to have gone out to see what was going on, and have warned people; but I knew that they were

terrified, but she was braver than the rest, and she prayed aloud to them. My own lips were moving in prayer when I came back to myself. He was sleeping on the floor in the long room. A yelling mob was in the street. It brandished choppers and knives and swords. Some of them were red.

I went to the instrument, meaning to put the prayer from my mind into theirs, but the prayer slipped from me and left a furious desire to be revenged on him. I must have put that into their thoughts, for they began to break in at the door of the house, shrieking with the lust of blood. In despair I connected the duplicate with the apparatus, hoping that it might repeat her prayer to them; but the model would not take effect upon the apparatus. I found the rabble crowding up the stairs, and I had only just time to lock and bar the door of my own room before they broke into the long room. I could hear them smashing the instruments and the furniture. I heard shrieks, and thought they fell upon him as he lay upon the floor, and tore him to pieces. Then they hammered at the door of my room till it began to shake. I tried to govern them through the apparatus; but the

thoughts that I wanted to impress upon them would not shape themselves. If only I could think *her* thoughts, I cried aloud; and suddenly an idea came to me. I hastily connected myself with the duplicate; and in a moment I was a girl with upraised arms and loose hair, and the tears streaming down my face, praying to a wild-faced, blood-stained, maddened mob.

"Pray to God," I cried, "and He will deliver you! Pray to God!"

And the mob fell upon their knees and prayed; and then there was a great crash and a wilderness of light.

I remember no more till I found myself lying among the ruins of my room. The apparatus was broken, and the multiplicates were shapeless, and the duplicate was shattered in pieces upon the floor. The door was broken in, but the mob had gone. They were passing away down the street, with their hands to their eyes. There was no trace of him who had been my master, not even a fragment of the clothing that he had worn.

So the evil went, and no one but I knows how it went; only that the ashamed world found itself sobbing and kneeling in prayer, and humble in the face of a mystery that none could understand. Who are we to understand the ways of God?

I gathered the fragments of the duplicate together and put them in a little bag, and carried them with me when I went back into the world. I resolved that a memory of her white life should live in me; and that, if ever I grew good enough, I would go to her. I never grew good like her, so I did not go. For I knew the thought of me that *he*—and I think he was the Evil One—had put in her mind would remain, and that if she saw me she must love me;

and I knew that my life could never be worthy of hers. She would marry the curate, I used to tell myself, and dig my nails into my hands.

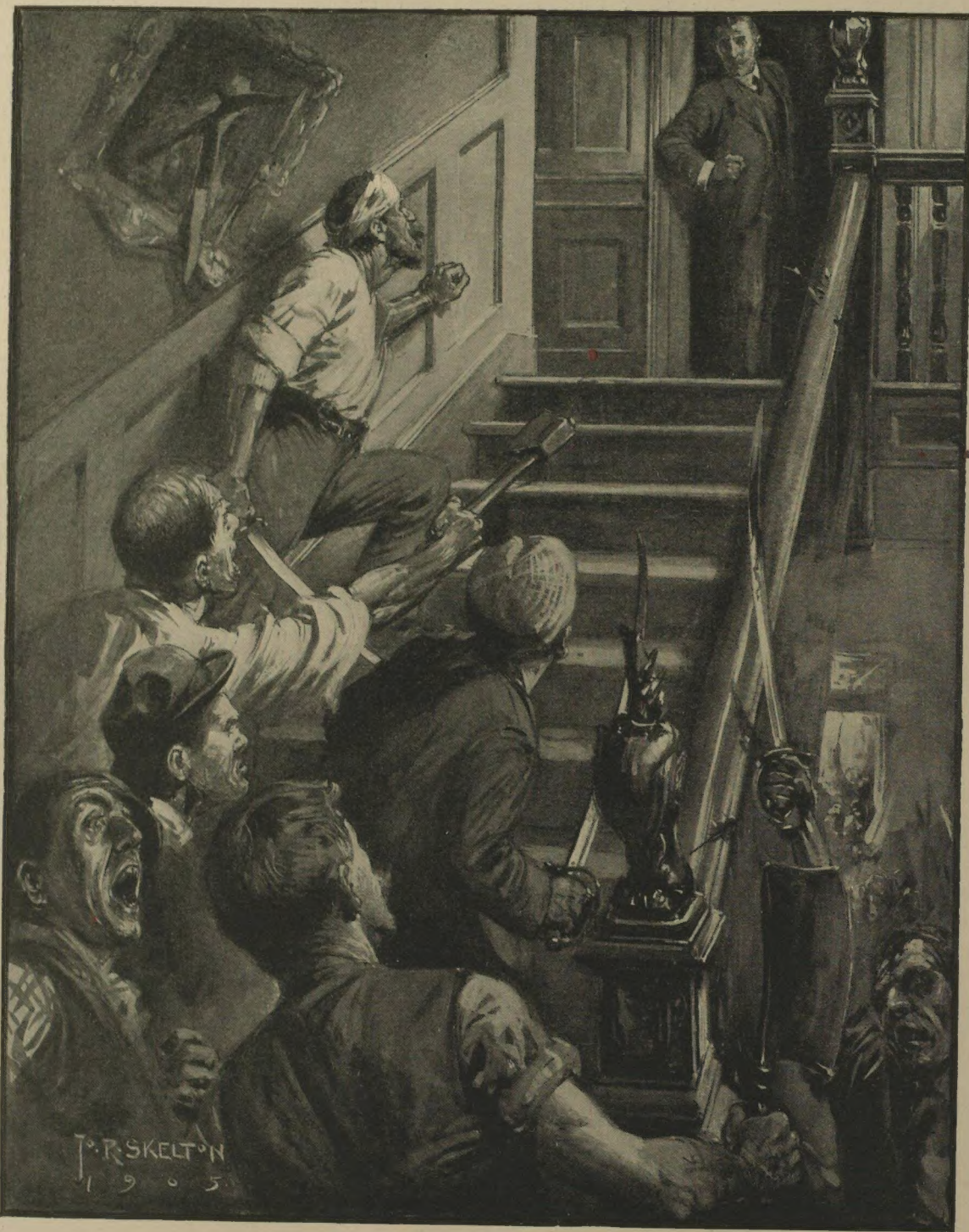
And then one day I met her. It was miles away from her home and mine, and we were walking down a country lane. I stopped, and she stopped and we looked at one another foolishly. Her colour came and went, and her breath; and then I took her hand.

"You have dreamed of me," I said, "little lady, and I have dreamed of you. And now we must dream together."

It did not occur to us till afterwards how strange this was. For she *had* dreamed of me; and the dreams went back before the time when he put the look of me into her head. She had felt long before that someone was dreaming of her, she said; someone who was good and strong and kind; and she felt this first one day when she was fifteen and wandered through some fields, and sang. So I married her; and because she thinks so of me, I am better than I should have been.

That is the end of my curious story. You who have read it will think it is only a writer's foolish fancy; but I who have written it know that it is more. For the thoughts of a strong man go out into the world and govern it; and the best thoughts in a man's mind are put there by a woman.

THE END.



I found the rabble crowding up the stairs.

completely under his influence and would not believe me; and I thought that by staying with him I should have an opportunity of undoing some of whatever harm he had ordered. I did not dream that it would be such terrible harm as it was. He had taken away my tripod, and I could not even see what was happening to her, though I kept the duplicate always. I sat in the corner of the long room, furthest from him, guarding it.

Two days passed, and the world was a shambles, though I did not know. Then he grew tired. He had scarcely eaten, and never slept. He told me to go to the instrument and preach to the world while he rested.

"I think I've rendered them incapable of imbibing too much of your morality," he said grimly; "but you are welcome to make them as moral as you can. Anyhow, make them orderly enough to be governed. You won't have any trouble with them. They're too frightened to be disobedient—We'll have law and order—law and—" He fell asleep in the middle of the phrase.

I put the duplicate back on its tripod, and found out a little of what had happened by living a fragment of her life with her. She was with her parents, and a few others who were not among those whose minds were reproduced in our models, and who had escaped the mob. They were hiding in a dark barn. She was

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INDIAN TOUR: THE EMBARKATION AT DOVER.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLERE.



The Prince.

The Princess.

Major-General Grant.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND: THE PRINCE OF WALES GOING ON BOARD THE "INVICTA."

*The Prince and Princess of Wales, who were seen off from Victoria Station by the King and Queen on October 19, embarked at Dover on board the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company's turbine-ship "Invicta," which crossed the Channel in very rough weather. The turbine, however, was wonderfully steady, and made the passage in fifty-four minutes.*



H.M.S. Commonwealth. H.M.S. New Zealand.

A BRITISH WAR-SHIP ASHORE ON THE COAST OF MOROCCO: H.M.S. "ASSISTANCE" STRANDED IN TETUAN BAY.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS

The repair-ship "Assistance," belonging to the Atlantic Fleet, went ashore on October 12 off Tetuan. A heavy gale from the east was raging, and it was feared at first that the vessel would go to pieces. On October 21 Commander Arthur E. Phillips, of H.M.S. "Victorious," who was directing the salvage operations, was killed by the fall of a piece of machinery.



LAYING A BOGUS TRAIL: A GERMAN METHOD OF TRAINING HOUNDS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

The wheel here illustrated is used for laying an artificial trail. On the rim are four buck's feet, which make tracks as the machine revolves. The curious canister round the axle is filled with the buck's sweat, which percolates to the ground, and so sets up an artificial scent, upon which the pack is put.

THE KING IN ALDWYCH: THE DEPUTATION FROM THE UNEMPLOYED.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



THE MAYOR OF POPLAR PRESENTING THE PETITION FROM THE UNEMPLOYED AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW THOROUGHFARE.

*The occasion was seized by the Mayor of Poplar to present a petition from the unemployed. The King expressed his great sympathy with sufferers from the industrial crisis, and associated the Queen with himself in his interest, especially as regarded the wives and children of men out of work. His Majesty promised to consult with his Ministers on the question. After the ceremony of the opening of Aldwych and Kingsway, the royal cavalcade passed along Kingsway to the Holborn end. The procession was formed by a field-officer's escort of the Royal Horse Guards, and the King and Queen were in a carriage drawn by outriders.*

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE PROGRESS OF THE HEALING ART.

There is one period of the year to which a good many of us look forward in expectation of being taught something regarding the progress of that most important of professions—I mean that of medicine. We have just passed through the period when the medical schools resume their labours, and when the student who is beginning his career is treated by his seniors to a large amount of good advice in the shape of introductory addresses. Such orations were once described in my hearing by an orator himself as more ephemeral in their nature than newspaper leaders. He added that he feared the counsels he had endeavoured to give to his students would only pass in at the one ear and out of the other.

My friend and myself were attached to the medical school in which we ourselves had studied. I told him that I could remember several of the addresses I had listened to when I sat on the benches in the lecture-room. The wise counsels had not all gone to roost without the possibility of reawakening. I suppose this is the case with us all. There is now and then given to us a thought from a discourse which remains with us as part and parcel of our mental heritage—a thought that influences us in career and conduct like a mental talisman. One such expression culled from an address may be cited. Said the lecturer, in impressing the students before him with the seriousness of life, and especially with that of their profession—"I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty; I woke, and found that life was duty." No unworthy motto for any man to emblazon on his shield. It parallels the saying of the Wise Man, regarding the necessity of doing with all our might the work before us, seeing that the day is short and the night near when no man can work.

Especially interesting, I think, are the addresses which deal with the progress of medical science within the last quarter of a century or so. Nothing is more important than to take occasional stock of our mental possessions, and, in the language of Huxley, to see whether we have been merely marking time or have been marching. Reminiscences dealing with the advance of knowledge are always interesting, and although Sir T. Lauder Brunton addressed a meeting of a Medical Society, in place of a congregation of students, the other day, his remarks concerning the retrospect and the forecast of medicine might well be enjoyed by laymen as a fascinating piece of history. Sir T. Lauder Brunton went back in his recollections some fifty years. I cannot travel so far in the history of the Edinburgh Medical School, but I could take up the story very soon after the period at which the lecturer commenced his narrative.

In the medical school of the Scottish capital were reflected all the typical changes in opinion and advances common to medical training bodies all over the world. More than this, in Edinburgh not a few of the most important discoveries affecting the healing art were made. We have only to think of Simpson's discovery of chloroform, of Hughes Bennett's advocacy of cod-oil as a remedy in consumption, and of Lister's inauguration and demonstration of the value of antiseptic surgery, to become aware how Edinburgh science, in those days, shone over the dark waters like a Pharos with cheering beam. Truly in the 'seventies the old order was rapidly being changed and giving place to the new. Patients died of blood-poisoning after even simple operations, and it was Lister who showed the reason of the calamity. He applied the germ theory of Spallanzani to the practice of surgery, excluded from wounds the microbes of suppuration, and healed the sick speedily. This represents one advance we can look upon as indicating a revolution in the healing art. To-day Lister's labours bear fruit all over the world in the saving of life and in the limitation of pain and misery.

The great doctrine of sanitary cleanliness was practically that preached by Lister and spread abroad by his disciples. In the former days hospital wards were dirty, nurses resembled general servants, doing all kinds of work other than those pertaining to their special duties, and so, amidst an atmosphere which reeked with microbes that nobody knew anything about and whose very existence was only faintly suspected, patients were liable to succumb. Says Sir T. Lauder Brunton, comparing the present with the former state of things, "Now floors, walls, ceilings, furniture, and apparatus are clean and pure, but in those days the dust which a sunbeam striking across the operating-theatre would have revealed was certain to contain numerous germs which would cause a wound to go wrong if they settled upon it."

The same progress which attended the practice of surgery was exemplified in other phases of medicine. Typhus-fever was once very rife in our big centres of population. In Edinburgh it was often epidemic, being bred in the dirty, overcrowded slums of those days, amid the squalid, poverty-stricken crowd. At one time, Sir T. Lauder Brunton tells us, they had a hundred and twenty cases at one time in the hospital. The clearing away of the slums and the activity of sanitary bodies, who were told that the typhus-germ can only breed amidst the impure air of overcrowded places, sufficed to put typhus-fever on a very different plane. To-day, many students, and even practitioners, will tell us that they have never seen a case of this ailment.

If we go further back in medical history we may be able to see in bolder relief still the differences between the practice of the healing art in past years and that of the present day. Time was, for example, when people were bled for the cure of almost any or every disorder. To-day nobody is bled at all—or at least very rarely. Yet bleeding is an excellent remedy for certain states of the body. The mistake of the old science was that it thought we could alter the quality of the blood by reducing its quantity. A better view teaches us that we may relieve tension by blood-letting. It is wisdom to extract the best from the old remedies and not inevitably to discard them altogether.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

SHADFORTH and J. D. TUCKER.—We demur to the proposition that a problem is an end game, and hold that any move the position legally permits is warranted.

CHARLES BURNETT.—When you have satisfied yourself, we shall be glad to look at it.

E. J. PULGLASE (Bristol).—1. B to B sq., 2. B to B 4th, etc., furnishes another solution to your problem.

BLACK KNIGHT.—Under which name do you wish your problem to appear?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3201 received from H. O. R. Muttukistna (Puttalam, Ceylon) and Denham J. Lord (Santa Barbara, California); of No. 3202 from P. N. Banerji (Dhar, India); of No. 3203 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and D. Newton (Lisbon); of No. 3204 from Shadforth and Eugene Henry (Lewisham); of No. 3205 from H. A. Sims (Stockwell), G. T. Hughes (Dublin), F. B. (Worthing), Carl Kander junior (Hamburg), H. A. Chamberlin (Leicester), D. Newton (Lisbon), A. G. Bagot (Dublin), and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3206 from Albert Wolff (Putney), T. Roberts, Hereward, H. S. Brandreth (Paris), Emile Frau (Lyons), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Joseph Semik (Prague), A. G. Bagot (Dublin), C. E. Perugini, D. Newton (Lisbon), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3207 received from Shadforth, F. Henderson (Leeds), E. J. Winter-Wood, J. W. Haynes (Winchester), Hereward, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), A. F. Robson (Manchester), H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst), J. Hopkinson (Derby), F. B. (Worthing), Fred Holmes (Cheddle), The Tid. Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), W. J. Bearne (Nunhead), W. Mortimer (Brighton), Charles Burnett, Albert Wolff (Putney), W. A. Thompson (Dawlish), R. Worters (Canterbury), F. A. Hancock (Bristol), and H. S. Brandreth (Paris).

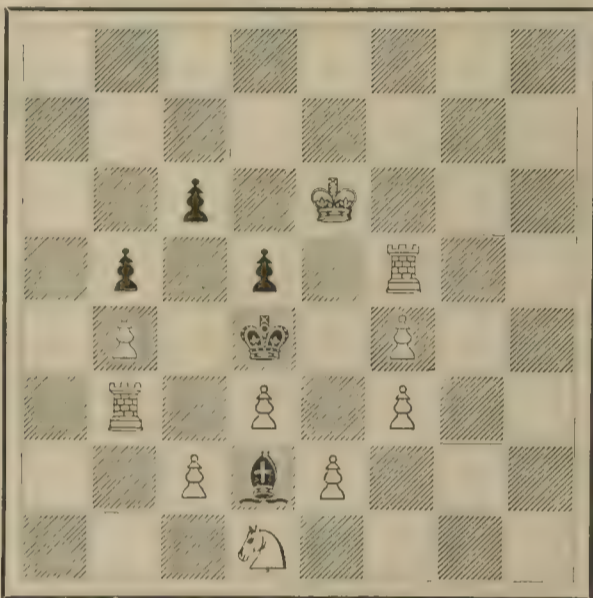
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3206.—By A. G. BRADLEY.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to B 8th K to Kt 2nd  
2. Q to R 8th (ch) K takes Q or Kt  
3. Q or B Mates.  
If Black play 1. K to K 2nd, 2. Q to K 6th (ch); if 1. K to K 4th, 2. B to B 3rd (ch); 1. K to Kt 4th, 2. Q to Q 8th (ch); and if 1. P to Kt 7th, then 2. Q to B 8th (ch), etc.

## PROBLEM No. 3209.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

## "THE HEART."

## BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the recent Tournament at Barmen between Messrs. BERNSTEIN and SCHLECHTER.

## (Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	20. Kt to Kt 4th	P to B 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	21. P takes P	K P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th	22. Kt to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	23. Q to R 6th	
5. B to B 4th	Castles		
6. P to K 3rd	P takes P		
7. K B takes P	P to Q R 3rd		
8. Q R to B sq	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
		23. Threatening Kt takes Kt P, with a winning attack.	
		24. R to K sq	R to Q B 2nd
		25. Kt to B 3rd	Q to B 3rd
		26. Kt to Kt 5th	R to Kt 2nd
			Kt to B 5th
		Black must find the situation quite after his own heart. A false step on either side is immediately fatal.	
		27. Kt takes P	
		27. Clever in its way, but failing to penetrate the depths of Black's answering combination. His attack in reality is now repelled, and the best continuation lies in a retreat of the Kt to B 3rd.	
		28. P to B 3rd	Q to B 3rd
		29. R to K 7th	Kt takes P
		30. P to Q 5th	K R to B 2nd
		31. K takes Kt	Q to B 4th (ch)
			Q takes R

Another Game from the same Tournament played between Messrs. MAROCZY and JOHN.

## (Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	25. R to Q B sq	Q R to Kt 2nd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	26. R to B 2nd	P to R 5th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K B 4th	27. K to R sq	P to B 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd	28. B takes Kt	Q P takes B
5. P to K 3rd	B to Q 3rd	29. Q to Q 2nd	P takes P
6. B to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	30. P takes P	P to R 6th
7. Q to B 2nd	Kt to K 5th	31. P to Kt 4th	Q to Q sq
8. B to K 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	32. Q to K 3rd	Q to Q 4th
9. R to K B sq	Castles	33. B to B 3rd	
10. Castles			
White cannot be said to have maintained the advantage of first move. There is an air of indecision in his play, his position is cramped, and he is already on the defensive.		33. An unfortunate move, but almost forced. White's position is gradually getting worse, and he only seems to realise it at this point.	
11. P to K R 3rd	Q to K 2nd	34. R to Kt 3rd	R to Q B sq
12. Kt to K 5th	Q Kt to B 3rd	35. Q to B 4th	R to K B 2nd
13. P to B 4th	Q to Q B 2nd	36. P to R 4th	K to R sq
14. P to B 5th	P to Q R 3rd	37. Q to Kt 5th	R (B 2) to B 2
15. B P takes B	B takes Kt		P to K 6th
16. B takes Kt	Kt takes Kt		
17. B to K sq	P to Q Kt 3rd		
18. P takes P	Q takes Kt P		
19. B to Q 3rd	P to Q R 4th		
20. P to K Kt 4th	R to R 2nd		
In anticipation of White securing an open King's Knight file.			
21. K to Kt sq	B to Q 2nd		
22. R to Kt sq	R to Kt sq		
23. P takes P	P takes P		
24. Q to Kt 2nd	B to K 3rd		
		38. K to Kt sq	Q to R 8th (ch)
		39. R to K sq	Q to K 5th
		40. P to Q 5th	Q takes Q P
		41. K to B sq	Q to K 5th
		42. R to Q sq	P to R 3rd
		43. R to Q 8th (ch)	K to R 2nd, and wins.
		Black has skillfully handled the ending, in which it would have been easy to make a disastrous slip against so formidable an opponent.	

We are requested by Mr. E. Lasker to announce that he is prepared to play games by correspondence with anyone in such a way that in his reply he will comment upon the last move of his opponent. Letters of inquiry are to be addressed Mr. Emanuel Lasker, 16, Nassau Street, New York, U.S.A.

The British Chess Correspondence Tourney is now in progress, and all classes of players are invited to join. The various contests announced are of a very comprehensive nature, and in return for a picture postcard the Secretary, Stroud (Glos.) will send a copy of the prospectus to any of our readers. The enterprising company also announce the issue of a new monthly chess magazine under the title of the *Chess Amateur*. The price will be three pence, and a very varied and instructive list of papers is promised.

## IN THE REALMS OF THE LAST GREAT AFRICAN SULTAN.

The capture of two British officers by Moorish brigands calls further public attention to a race of whose customs and habits very little is known to the world at large. Men who have travelled in Morocco and seen the curious festivals and celebrations associated with the Mohammedan year will be ready to admit that it is quite possible to have an interesting and even an exciting time in the realms of the last great African Sultan, although no act of brigandage should have removed the excitement from the plane of the commonplace.

In Morocco the Nazarene can never tell how time stands in relation to the Moorish year. The Mohammedan calendar knows but 354 days; so, as the Moors lose some eleven days in the year, their festivals are constantly varying in date. The most important, of course, is Ramadan, when Moslems fast from the rising to the setting of the sun during the month. The Moor fasts all day and feasts all night, and throughout the small hours in certain Moorish cities officials pass down the streets in solemn procession, armed with musical instruments, and one at their head calls upon the "Servants of God" to eat and drink before the advent of the dawn. On one night towards the end of Ramadan it is well known that the Gates of Heaven are opened in order that the prayers of the faithful may be heard, and it is equally certain that all the devils and geni are kept in some prison of the underworld throughout the month.

Another festival of great importance in Morocco is the Moolud, which takes place in the month that is called the "Spring of Flowers." It is ushered in by singing and dancing and music, and seems to be founded on some old forgotten native festival. When the Moolud comes round, a blue mark is placed between the eyebrows of young children, in order that the evil eye may be averted from them. At this season, too, country Governors are accustomed to make a journey to the capital that the Sultan chances to favour, bearing gifts; and the festival is also notorious by reason of the performances of the Aisawi, the followers of Mohammed bin Aisa of Mequinez, the patron saint of snake-charmers. These Aisawi may be compared with the dancing Dervishes who live and thrive in other Mohammedan countries, and when a company of them enter a street the scene is at once amusing and disgusting. At the time of the Moolud festival the Aisawi are accustomed to repeat aloud a sentence that contains the master-word of their order, and they howl it until the sound is not comparable to anything one has heard before. In moments of extreme frenzy the devotees are known to seize sheep or even dogs and tear them to pieces with their hands. Some may be seen devouring a sheep before it is dead.

Another feast of importance is the Aid el Kabeer, which takes place on the tenth day of the last month of the Mohammedan year. It celebrates the sacrifice of Ishmael (not Isaac) by Abraham on Mount Moriah. Certain prayers are said in the mosques, and after these the Kadi, standing in some prominent position, cuts the throat of a sheep that is then carried in a basket at headlong speed to the town's chief mosque. If the sheep be alive when it reaches the mosque, the ensuing year will be a prosperous one for the town. By means of gun-fire and trumpet-call, all the city is informed that the sacrifice has been killed, and then every householder kills a sheep on the threshold of his own home. This sheep has been bought on the previous day, and tied up in readiness for the feast. The condition of the streets after the sacrifice is better imagined than described.

Of course, there are many other feasts in Morocco, and there are other religious sects that have their own superstitions. The Hamadashi, for example, may be met now and again in the interior. Their speciality consists in catching heavy weights upon their heads, and beating their skulls with wooden sticks. They do these things in the name of Allah, who pardons sin. Even the Susi acrobats, whose work is sometimes seen in London music-halls, are the followers of a famous Moorish saint, Sid Hamed bin Musa; and beggars are under the protection of the "Emperor of Saints," Mulai Abd el ed Kader.

Of pastimes not connected with religion the Moor has few. Children play football of a kind, and leap-frog, and practise wrestling and fencing. They also pursue rabbits with curved sticks, and the writer has seen them throw these with extraordinary skill. Some few experts claim to be able to kill partridges with the same simple weapon. Chess and draughts are played in more or less expert fashion, and dancing, of course, is practised by women in city coffee-houses and in the harems, though much of it is of a kind that a European repudiates at home—and seldom fails to see when he travels abroad.

The great game of the adult Moor is the Lab-el-Barood, or powder-play. This exercise is taken on horseback, and to see a body of Moorish horsemen come down at the charge with guns high above their heads to a given spot, where they fire their weapons and then pull their horses up on to their haunches, is a sight that will never be forgotten even by those who have seen cavalry manoeuvres in Europe. A powder-play is often arranged for the special benefit of an ambassador who visits the Sultan at his capital. Moors are very proud of their horsemanship, and with reason.

Apart from the customs briefly noticed here there are many in vogue among the mountain tribes that have only been lately investigated by Europeans. Professor Westermarck, who has lived among the Rifians of the North and the Berbers of the South, has much to tell us about harvest and other festivals that belong clearly to the earliest days of nature-worship. Unfortunately the hill-men will not permit Europeans to live among them, and they are very jealous of customs whose origin they are quite unable to explain. Many of the ceremonies described by Fraser in his "Golden Bough" are practised in the highlands of Morocco to this day.

Doubtless if these hill-men do not give up brigandage it will be necessary to interfere with their privacy in the interests of Europe at large.

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS: NELSON'S OLD FLAG-SHIP CELEBRATING  
THE CENTENARY OF TRAFALGAR



THE "VICTORY" ILLUMINATED ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 21, 1905.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

*The outlines of the vessel were traced in lines of light, and Nelson's flag at the main was picked out in diamond and ruby lamps. A ring of lights in the form of a wreath hung over the spot where Nelson fell. Contrary to custom, the ensign, which is always hauled down at sunset, remained flying during the illumination.*

# CHARLES DANA GIBSON ABANDONS BLACK-AND-WHITE: SOME STUDIES IN HIS DISCARDED METHOD.

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IS THIS WHY THE AVERAGE HUSBAND AND BROTHER STAY AWAY?



THE INVINCIBLE ARMY.



THE FALLEN STAR: "FOND MEMORY BRINGS THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS."



THE SPINSTER'S REVERIE.

*The creator of the "Gibson Girl" will produce no more albums satirising society, as he is now to devote himself to portraiture, and to that end has become an art-student again. His last portfolio, "Our Neighbours," of which a notice appears on another page, has just been issued by Mr. John Lane.*

AT REST BENEATH SHAKSPERE'S MONUMENT: SIR HENRY IRVING'S GRAVE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINE.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 28, 1905. 609

BY THE SIDE OF GARRICK: IRVING'S LAST RESTING-PLACE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*Close to the tomb of Garrick, in Poets' Corner, Sir Henry Irving's ashes were laid, with impressive ceremonial, on the morning of October 20. The wreaths and flowers were magnificent and marvellous, and many of them were left heaped on the spot where the leader of the English Stage sleeps his last sleep by the side of David Garrick, watched over by the cenotaph of Shakespeare.*

# SHIPS THAT FOUGHT AT TRAFALGAR AND THEIR MODERN DESCENDANTS.

WITH COMMANDERS PAST AND PRESENT.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



- |                                  |  |  |
|----------------------------------|--|--|
| 1. THE MODERN "SWIFTSURE."       | 2. THE PRESENT-DAY COMMANDER OF THE "SWIFTSURE,"<br>CAPTAIN A. A. C. GALLOWAY.—[Photo. Russell.]               | 3. THE "SWIFTSURE" OF TRAFALGAR.       |
| 4. THE MODERN "LEVIATHAN."       | 5. THE PRESENT-DAY COMMANDER OF THE "LEVIATHAN,"<br>CAPTAIN THE HONOURABLE R. N. BOYLE.                        | 6. THE "LEVIATHAN" OF TRAFALGAR.       |
| 7. THE MODERN "ROYAL SOVEREIGN." | 8. ON BOARD THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" AT TRAFALGAR:<br>LORD COLLINGWOOD (ASSUMED COMMAND AFTER<br>NELSON'S DEATH). | 9. THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" OF TRAFALGAR. |
| 10. THE MODERN "THUNDERER."      |  | 11. THE "THUNDERER" OF TRAFALGAR.      |

# SHIPS THAT FOUGHT AT TRAFALGAR AND THEIR MODERN DESCENDANTS, WITH COMMANDERS PAST AND PRESENT.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



1. THE MODERN "BRITANNIA."
4. THE MODERN "SPARTIATE."
6. THE MODERN "REVENGE."
9. THE MODERN "EURYALUS."

2. ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA" AT TRAFALGAR: REAR-ADMIRAL THE EARL OF NORTHESK.

7. THE PRESENT DAY COMMANDER OF THE "REVENGE": CAPTAIN WILLIAM DE SALIS.—[Photo. Russell.]

10. ON BOARD THE "EURYALUS" AT TRAFALGAR: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HENRY BLACKWOOD, WHO (WITH HARDY) WITNESSED A CODICIL TO NELSON'S WILL.

3. THE "BRITANNIA" OF TRAFALGAR.
5. THE "SPARTIATE" OF TRAFALGAR.
8. THE "REVENGE" OF TRAFALGAR.
11. THE "EURYALUS" OF TRAFALGAR.



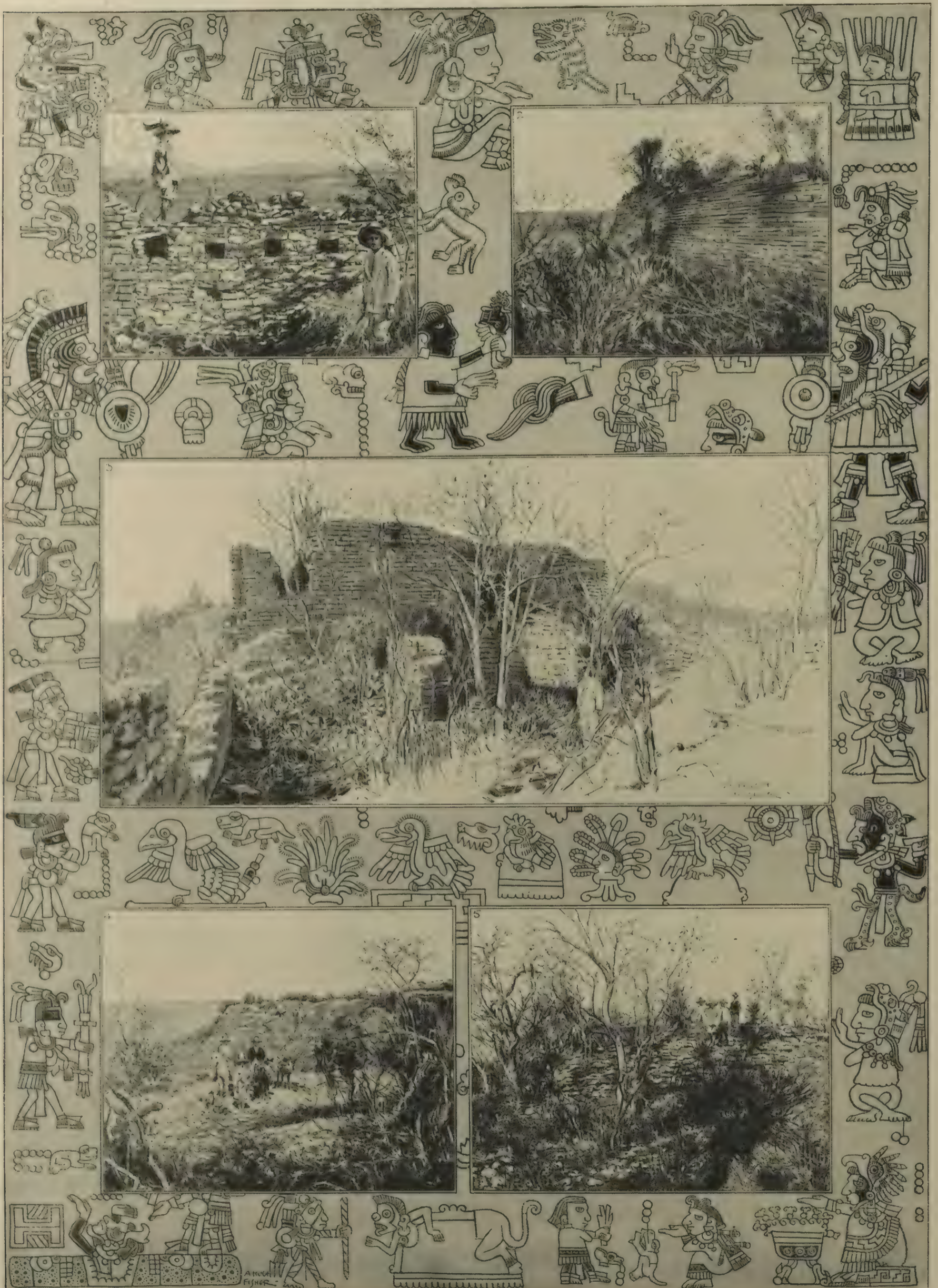
LAST HONOURS TO OUR GREATEST ACTOR: THE FUNERAL OF SIR HENRY IRVING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, OCTOBER 20.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Amid every token of national regret and in presence of a large and distinguished assembly, Sir Henry Irving was laid to rest in Poets' Corner by the side of Garrick and beneath the cenotaph of Shakspeare. The ashes of the great actor were laid during the service on a catafalque in the Sanctuary, and were then borne in procession to the grave to the funeral march from "Coriolanus." When the interment was completed, the representatives of the Comédie Française, Messieurs Georges Baillet and Albert Lamberl, advanced to the grave, where they knelt and made the sign of the Cross. They afterwards presented to Mr. H. B. Irving the funeral oration composed by M. Jules Claretie. The names of the mourners facing the coffin in the front row on the left of the picture are: Mrs. H. B. Irving, Lady Irving, Master Laurence Irving (son of Mr. H. B. Irving), Mr. Laurence Irving, Mr. H. B. Irving, —, Mr. Bram Stoker, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Charles Wyndham, Lord Burnham, Mr. George Alexander, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Burdett-Coutts. The last seven were pall-bearers. The pall-bearers on the other side of the coffin, beginning from the figure next the clergyman on the right are: Sir Squire Bancroft, Lord Tennyson, Mr. John Hare, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. Beerholm Tyce, Sir James Dewar, Mr. Finero. In the corner on the immediate right of the foreground is Sir Albert Rollit.

# RUINS OF THE AZTEC EMPIRE: THE DISCOVERY OF MONTEZUMA'S SUPPOSED TREASURY.

Drawings by A. HUGH FISHER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS: BORDER OF "PICTURE-WRITING" SYMBOLS FROM AN AZTEC MS.



1. LOOPHOLES IN THE EASTERN WALL OF THE AZTEC FORTRESS.

2. THE MASSIVE WALLS OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED AZTEC FORTIFICATION.

3. A SECTION OF THE EASTERN WALL OF THE FORTIFICATION.

4. THE EXPLORING PARTY ON THE SUMMIT OF THE SOUTHERN WALL, 80 FT. BROAD.

5. THE SUPPOSED RUINS OF AN ANCIENT TEMPLE IN THE CENTRE OF THE FORTRESS ENCLOSURE AT TEPEJI VIEJO.

The ruins here illustrated were unearthed at Tepeji Viejo, in the State of Puebla, Mexico. The fortress is about 200 miles south-east of Mexico City. It stands on the summit of a cliff which descends 1000 ft. sheer to a ravine. The area is fully ten acres, and the remains of thirty different rooms can be traced. It has been suggested that Montezuma, the Aztec Emperor, when captured by Cortez, hid a large portion of his treasure in a subterranean passage, instead of throwing it into Lake Texcoco, as certain chronicles aver,

# RUINS OF THE INCA EMPIRE: DISCOVERIES IN PERU.

Drawings by A. HUGH FISHER, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN." DETAILS OF BORDER FROM PERUVIAN TEXTILE FABRICS.



1. ONE OF THE MOST MYSTERIOUS INCA RELICS: THE GREAT PYRAMIDAL MOUND OF MOCHE, 800 FT. LONG, 150 FT. HIGH.

2. DECORATED WALLS IN THE RUINS OF CHAN-CHAN, ON THE COAST OF PERU.

3. NICHE-LIKE APERTURES IN THE RUINS OF CHAN-CHAN.

4. MURAL DECORATIONS AT CHAN-CHAN.

5. A "CHULPA," OR BURIAL-TOWER, SILLUSTANI: HEIGHT, 25 FT.; CIRCUMFERENCE AT TOP, 27 FT.; AT BASE, 22 FT.

6. AN ALTAR IN THE HEART OF AN ARTIFICIAL MOUND, RUINS OF CHAN-CHAN.

7. RUINS OF ADOBE HOUSES IN THE COURTYARD AT CHAN-CHAN.

The discoveries illustrated have been made by the Bandelier Expedition, sent out under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. The details of the border are from ancient Peruvian textile fabrics, probably dating about 1390. It is noteworthy that plant forms were never used as elements for decoration by the Inca craftsmen.

AN AUTUMN VISITOR TO OUR SHORES: THE SHORT-EARED OWL.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



ARRIVED FOR THE WINTER: THE SHORT-EARED OR WOODCOCK OWL.

*The bird is an autumn migrant, and arrives in the British Isles about this time of year. It is, in consequence, often called the woodcock owl, as the woodcocks arrive about the same time. These owls leave us again in the spring, except a very few pairs. They roost on the ground, and are frequently flushed from reed-beds, turnips, or heather by sportsmen. Mr. Lodge says that he has seen as many as twelve flushed from a field of turnips in North Norfolk during a partridge-drive, but he has never once seen them shot at.*

PRINCE AND PRESIDENT AT THE COVERT-SIDE: PRESIDENT LOUBET  
AND PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.



THE DAY'S KILL: PRINCE FERDINAND AND PRESIDENT LOUBET AT COMPIÈGNE.

*Prince Ferdinand, who has been paying a visit to France, went shooting with President Loubet at Compiègne on October 17. The bag for the day included 238 pheasants, 74 rabbits, and one roebuck. Prince Ferdinand, who is an excellent shot, contributed largely to the day's kill.*

THE EARLY DAYS OF SPORTS.—No. VI.: THROWING THE HAMMER.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



HENRY VIII. "CASTING THE BARRE."

*At the time of the decline of chivalry, "casting of the barre," a sport which, like many others, had been prohibited by Edward III.—who feared that the practice of archery would fall into disuse—was still a common pursuit. In his early days, Henry VIII. was much devoted to this form of exercise, and his daily amusements included not only throwing the hammer, but putting the weight, dancing, leaping, running, and tilting.*

# INTERESTING NELSON RELICS

*At Waring and Gillow's Oxford Street Galleries.*

Everybody has heard of the *Foudroyant* battle-ship, and its long and glorious career. It was for a time Lord Nelson's flag-ship. It played a great part in the



TABLE FROM LORD NELSON'S CABIN IN THE "VICTORY" IN "FOUDROYANT" OAK.

*Exhibited by Waring and Gillow.*

Mediterranean sea-struggle at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was occasionally the home of that fascinating Lady Hamilton with whose name that of Nelson is indelibly associated. It was the scene of the "Court" functions of the kingdom of Sicily, what time Ferdinand IV. was constrained by circumstances to take advantage of its hospitality. It was covered with glory in that mighty contest of fleets which ended in the establishment on a firm basis of Britain's supremacy of the sea. It lay for many subsequent years a brilliant and honoured survival of glorious times and great events. And then, in 1892, a British Government was guilty of the incredibly unpatriotic and shameful course of selling the vessel to a German firm as being no longer of use or interest. That roused the nation. Sir Conan Doyle voiced the public indignation in some stirring verses. A subscription was set on foot, and funds were quickly obtained to repurchase the old ship for more than twice as much as she had been sold for, and she was brought back to England with demonstrations of joy, and stationed where people of the present generation were able to see for themselves what a great three-decker of the "wooden wall" period was like. The last scene of all of this eventful history took place in June 1897, when, during a great storm off Blackpool, the *Foudroyant* was broken apart by the force of the gale and became a total wreck, her *dissecta membra* being driven in confusion on the holiday beach.

But that precious flotsam was recovered. The old oak timbers with their glorious story—

those timbers which had so often been brought into personal contact with the great Nelson himself—were carefully collected, and many of them afterwards made into pieces of furniture and other useful articles as souvenirs of a splendid past. These have been acquired by Messrs. Waring and Gillow, and are now being exhibited at their Antique Galleries, 76 to 80, Oxford Street, W. No time could possibly have been more fitting for such a function. This is "Nelson's week"—a memorable occasion—and the exhibition of Nelson relics of such unique character and interest seems to



INTERIOR OF YACHT'S CABIN IN "FOUDROYANT" OAK.

*Designed by Waring and Gillow.*

be its natural crown and complement. And the firm is quite the right one in the connection. Gillow's, as a business-house of the highest repute, is over two centuries old. It was a flourishing London firm forty years or so before the *Foudroyant* was built, and it had its show-rooms and factory in Oxford Street, on the exact site of its present beautiful galleries, half-a-century before the Battle of Trafalgar was fought. There are records in the old books to show that Lord Nelson himself was one of its customers. So Waring and Gillow's latest spirited enterprise has a peculiar appropriateness, and would almost seem to be a natural sequitur, or, at least, development, of Gillow's historic



MODELS OF THE "FOUDROYANT" MADE FROM THE OAK OR COPPER.

*Exhibited by Waring and Gillow.*

past. Another link of highly interesting connection is traced in the firm's association with the *Rénovon* as its decorators. What could be more fitting than that those who transformed the modern battle-ship into a beautiful yacht should be directly responsible for these delightful souvenirs of a battle-ship of a century ago?

The articles exhibited are not only made of the actual oak and copper recovered from the *Foudroyant*; they are constructed in many cases in exact imitation of pieces of furniture used by Nelson, his relatives, or his comrades. They possess in this way a double interest. They are both souvenirs and object-lessons. They commemorate a ship and they illustrate a style.

Other pieces display remarkable ingenuity in the skilful adaptation of parts of the vessel, with their characteristic curves and lines, to articles of everyday use. None of



"FOUDROYANT" OAK UMBRELLA-STAND.

*Exhibited by Waring and Gillow.*

these beautiful things are likely to remain long on view. The sentiment of the hour by itself, apart from their intrinsic interest, would create an eager desire to possess and to cherish relics of such a rare historic and artistic character. Messrs. Waring and Gillow are doing a very handsome thing in this connection: they are permitting genuine naval officers in the British Fleet to purchase articles from the exhibition on specially favourable terms. Such an opportunity can never occur again. A collection of this kind is bound, in the nature of things, to be quickly dispersed, and the purchasers, once possessed of objects with such a stirring story, are not at all likely ever again to let them go out of their own family circles.

It may be added that a good deal of the rough oak timber is still left, and can be manufactured to suit individual tastes and requirements. Messrs. Waring and Gillow are preparing designs for panelling and interiors of yachts and ships where the remainder of the timber can be utilised, and nothing can be more interesting to the possessor of a beautiful yacht or to the public travelling on shipboard than to feel that they are not merely surrounded by the oak of Old England, which is full of reminiscences of history and the sentiment of personal association, but are actually moving within the walls that have seen and taken part in the deeds of the most fascinating period of our naval history.

The exhibition has attracted great attention from Americans, and Waring and Gillow are preparing for an enthusiastic American admirer an interior entirely from this oak, which is to be shipped and refitted in an American mansion.



COMMODORE ANSON'S CHAIR FROM THE "CENTURION," IN WHICH HE VOYAGED ROUND THE WORLD, IN "FOUDROYANT" OAK.

*Exhibited by Waring and Gillow.*



ADMIRAL BYNG'S QUAIN OLD SEAT IN "FOUDROYANT" OAK.

*Exhibited by Waring and Gillow.*

## LADIES' PAGES.

The Princess of Wales was constantly with her children during the few days preceding her departure on her long journey. I chanced to see her out driving on three successive days just before she went, and each time there was a carriage full of the children, little Princess Mary snuggled up against her mother's side. It must be a wrench to her Royal Highness to leave such small children, but the Queen has undertaken to have them under her personal charge. Queen Victoria's way with children was far more Spartan than that of the present Queen. Her Majesty is most indulgent. Queen Victoria dressed her children with the utmost plainness, only allowed fires at fixed seasons irrespective of the weather, and did all that could be done to prevent the exalted rank of her children affecting their minds or habits. An old lady has just been telling me an anecdote of the King and his two eldest sisters, that my informant heard from the first Lady Ellesmere. Queen Victoria took her three eldest children with her on a visit to the stately home of her friend the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Ellesmere's near relative. A special very pretty suite of rooms had been prepared for the royal children, and they most sweetly expressed the warmest admiration for their apartments. "You would have thought that they had never seen a great house before," said Lady Ellesmere; "but what amused us most was that they called each other's attention to the pillows. 'See, we have actually got pillows!'" In early Victorian days the pillow was often considered to be an unnecessary luxury, and indeed calculated to deform the growing shape, and the Queen's children were no more indulged than many others.

The latest report of the Prison Commissioners has a paragraph worded with real enthusiasm on the value of the work done by the lady visitors of prisons for women. The effect of their ministrations has been, the Commissioners state, doubly valuable. They have both assisted the women whose sentences have expired to get employment, and found them an immediate refuge, when needed, on leaving prison, and thus reduced the number who returned to evil courses; and they have also notably assisted in keeping order in the prisons, by interesting the women, and encouraging them in good behaviour by giving them hope in the future and kind sympathy. At the head of the lady visitors of prisons are Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Battersea. The last-named lady told an interesting story recently. She visited Aylesbury prison a few days after the death of Queen Victoria, and noticed several of the women wearing tiny black bows on their dresses. She was told by the women that it was in token of their sorrow at the loss of the Queen, and that they had made the bows by picking threads out of their bootlaces. Another illustration of the value of women's public work has recently been afforded by the Hospital for



WHITE CHIFFON À LA PRINCESSE.

*The material is laid in numerous tuckings on corsage and skirt, and a few folds of chiffon break the waist-line, but the lace is continued down the front and round the skirt.*

the Paralysed, Queen Square—and this is an achievement which the Duchess of Albany says she "hopes the public will thoroughly appreciate." As the institution was heavily in debt, a committee of ladies was appointed to try to reduce the expenditure, and succeeded in making a saving of nearly £2000 per annum, reducing the expenditure per bed to £81 as against £94 in 1903, without any sacrifice of efficiency or of real comfort.

"Cave Canem" is the latest warning to housewives, but in quite a different sense from that of the inhospitable door-mat! A high medical authority declares that domestic pets, and especially lap-dogs, are responsible for much of the spreading of consumption. The dissections at the great French veterinary school have shown that tubercle is very common amongst domestic animals. The authority cited thinks that to allow children to play about with dogs, as some people do, is particularly dangerous. Dear as pets are, our children are far more precious, of course, and it is evidently necessary not to allow a dog that shows the smallest symptom of illness to go near the little ones of the home. Canaries and parrots also come under the ban; the former especially are asserted to "shake consumption about the room." It is easy to fret and fidget too much about such matters; verily the dignified submission to fate of the Mohammedan is more admirable than excess of caution for one's own safety; but for one's children no precaution seems excessive.

Under the patronage of the Duchesses of Portland and Hamilton, the Countesses of Dunraven, Galloway, and Aylesford, Countess Howe, Lord and Lady Tankerville, Lady Llangattock, Lady de Rothschild, and a score of other Peeresses, an "Animal Lovers' Bazaar" is being organised. The object is to assist the Anti-Vivisection Society, founded by the late Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who supported it generously during the last years of her life, and bequeathed £5000 at her death, which some legal difficulty has prevented being paid up to the present date. The bazaar is to be held on Nov. 28 and two following days, and the place is Caxton Hall, Westminster. The Appeal Committee, dating from 32, Charing Cross, beg contributions from people, who, so far from "bewareing"

of the presence of dogs and cats, "feel that they owe some of their daily happiness to the companionship of a household pet." How many thousands are thus addressed, especially amongst solitary and childless women! Those who know the devoted, if rather shy and reserved, affection of a cat, or the chum-like and adoring devotion of the dog to his accepted human friend, will no more think of giving up such attachments for fear of danger than they would exclude their very children from companionship because they may introduce whooping-cough or scarlet-fever into the happy home at a moment's notice.

Nor is it only women, by the way, who are devoted to animal pets. Many men are in



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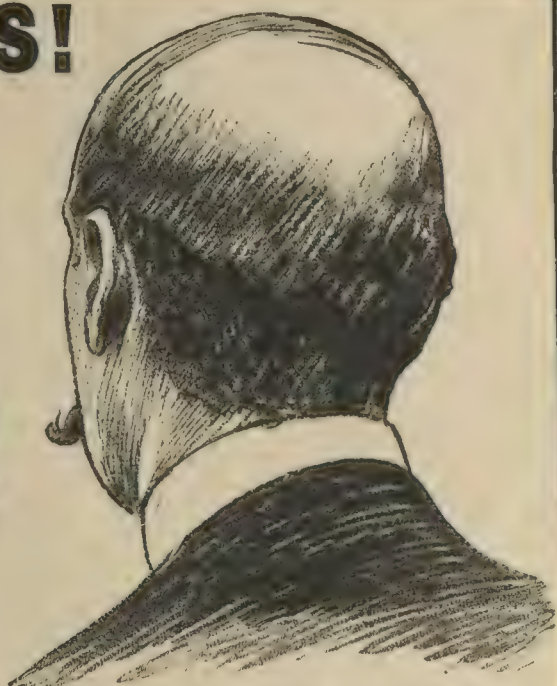
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the position in which Sir Edward Malet, sometime British Ambassador at Berlin, found himself with regard to his dog, "Tip, a long-haired little fellow with eyebrows overhanging a pair of lustrous and plaintive eyes. I became," says Tip's so-called master, "a slave to him. It was most irksome, and interfered quite disproportionately with my daily life. My time was encumbered with what I had to do for that dog. If I did not do all he wanted it went to my heart, and what he wanted was that I should attend to him and to nobody else. We had quarrels, but he always got the best of them." Then Sir E. Malet tells about the Vice-Consul at Alexandretta, who had two cats "with faces like those of the angels in the Sistine Madonna," and when Sir Edward said, suggestively, to their owner that he would like to have a cat such as that, the Vice-Consul "only smiled a smile that conveyed to me that I might as well say I should like to have the Sistine Madonna." This he follows with a perfectly delightful tale of a dog, Toby, originally a stable dog, "who, born in a humble station, by strength of character, an honourable ambition, and unceasing perseverance conquered the lasting affection of a Powerful Patron, who had hitherto been inimical to the canine race." The Powerful Patron was nobody less than Lord Lyons, the great Ambassador. This dog Toby, on his first presuming to appear in the upper circles, was instantly "flipped away with napkins" from a state dinner-table, a fact noticed by Lord Lyons the next day, he remarking, in a severe tone, "You know I do not like dogs in the house." Yet Toby proved to be persistent, irrepressible, and tactful, till at last he had so won his place that in Paris "Toby always went out with Lord Lyons in the barouche to the Bois, and if he happened not to be forthcoming when the carriage came round, the start was deferred till Toby chose to appear"; and an article appeared in the *Figaro* all about him, describing somebody asking who lived in the magnificent house that formed the British Embassy, and being answered, "Toby—et puis l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre." Yet, while Lord Lyons was inseparable in his leisure hours from Toby, he was adamant in refusing to own the dog. He invariably said, "He is not my dog. I hate dogs, and would never have one of my own." Now to anybody thus under the spell of a doggy friendship, it is idle to prate of the diseases that the dog may introduce into the companionship!

There is a certain charm about garments that are going to last a good time, because the changes of fashion will not affect them. The only dress-articles, however, that one can buy with a clear assurance that they will be worn till one is tired of them without the make of them going out of fashion, are, perhaps, opera-cloaks and tea-gowns. Furs ought to come into the same category, but assuredly they do not do anything of the sort! On the



A STYLISH WALKING-GOWN.

*A dress in the softest make of chiffon velours, pleated round the waist fully, has revers of lighter silk trimmed with silk braid; lace vest.*

contrary, to keep your costly fur garments up to date you ought to endow them with a few hundreds in Consols; the interest will serve to keep the garments altered to comply with the changes of the mode. Furs, once purchased, are indeed lasting possessions, for they will always "do up" satisfactorily, and can be altered in shape again and again; but the furrier's charges for such attentions are by no means light, and cannot be so, for the work is troublesome and skilled labour is required. Caracul, chinchilla, broadtail, squirrel, moleskin, and fox are all fashionable. Three-quarter coats in sealskin are the most delightful driving-wraps, and shorter seal capes and coats are worn for walking. Sable is too dear for ordinary purchasers. It is preposterous to see the advertisements that one does in the cheaper shops of "sable dyed" ties and mufflers for a few pounds; women ought not to be so ignorant as to believe in these misleading statements, but many people are quite unable to judge of the value of any article. A girl who is in a furrier's business told me the other day of a customer who came in and asked to see a coat advertised at six pounds. As this happened to be sold out of stock, the saleswoman, without saying anything, inducted the customer into a coat worth thirty-eight pounds, of the same cut but a very different fur. Had the customer liked it, the necessity would have arisen to explain that this was only a specimen of the shape and size, not the actual garment. But, to the amusement of the furrier's staff, the customer announced that the coat was not, in her opinion, good value for six pounds: she was sure she could get better served for the price elsewhere! For people so ignorant, the "sable dyed" tie at two guineas may serve; but, as a fact, a single little skin of good dark Russian sable nowadays fetches anywhere from thirty to sixty pounds.

What remains for the buyer of means under a million? The best value are the various sorts of fox. Silver fox, being very rare, is expensive, really almost on the sable level; but several other kinds of foxes are available, and some of them are very handsome, while all are deep, soft, and becoming furs, and not out of reach in cost for a woman whose dress allowance runs to real good furs at all. "Pointed fox," a very handsome fur, the deep background relieved by innumerable white tips to the hairs in an effective way, is really not a natural fur; the white-tipped hairs are all set into a black fox-skin by hand, and the process is a secret, so this handsome fur comes expensive. Furs are universally worn this year by well-dressed women already, and we are threatened with an exceptionally cold winter, owing to the presence of a great spot on the sun, so that for this future contingency a purchase now is very desirable. In buying furs, it is really best to go to a good furrier; he understands his business, and buys to the best advantage, and will, in these days of competition, do the best he can for a customer for his own business interests.

FILOMENA.

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*Big Boy:* "You should go to a decent School then. We have it at ours."

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instruments were of such a difficult nature, and required so much delicate and careful experimenting that we are only now able to announce the successful evolution of the Pianola Piano, and in so doing we are free to state that the combined instrument is as artistic, interesting, and musical as the piano and Pianola in their separate forms; while, embodying as it does a piano of the finest grade with the best artistic means whereby anyone can play it, the Pianola Piano is therefore the first piano in its complete form.

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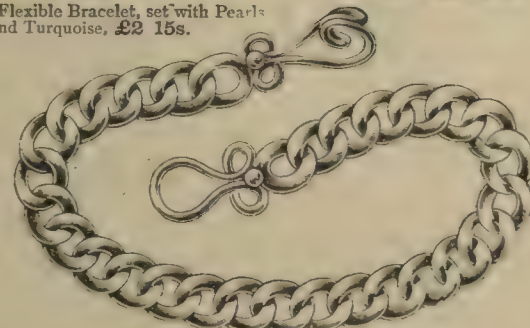
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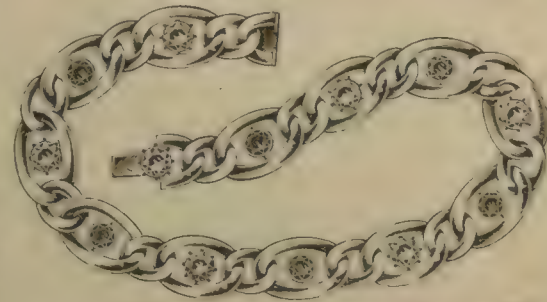
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## ART NOTES.

While no canvas in the Exhibition of the Society of Oil Painters is notable in the way that a great painting must be notable wherever it is seen, there are many pictures at which the visitor will find himself pleased to look, and which are excellent after the unassuming manner of the time. A little charm, a little truth, sometimes a little tale and a little moral, these are enough. Never an idea or an inspiration must be looked for from a thousand studios that send their thousands of pictures to a year's exhibitions. It is a Society's own standard which must decide whether or not any one of its exhibitions is a good or bad one. This year's must be welcomed as one of the more successful, for Mr. Wetherbee sends charming work; Mr. Charles Sims, by a sudden change of manner, has done something towards fulfilling the promise made by his talent two or three years ago at Burlington House; there is a revived interest in Mr. Spencer Watson's contribution, or, rather, one feels that Mr. Spencer Watson has been more interested before his easel this year than for some time past.

Mr. Moffat Lindner is at his best in "Swanage Bay Evening." A single sail catches such illumination as is left at the end of a long summer's day. The light seems to be but a luminous reflection of the sun's glories, that mysterious afterglow which is the most lovely among lights. In writing of such a picture one's praise returns to outworn phrases. We must say that the artist has caught the spirit of the hour, for there are no new words in which to name the familiar beauties of landscape. It seems to us that Mr. Moffat Lindner's manner has undergone some slight modifications of late, and we would guess that these are due to the great exhibition of the French impressionists at the Grafton Galleries. Mr. Westley Manning is another of those whose work this year shows something of that influence; nor does his "Spring on the Downs" lose for the

suggestion it bears of certain Frenchmen. Mr. John Lavery sends a portrait and a portrait-sketch, both displaying his refined sense of tone, which, accompanied by an equal mastery of drawing, would set Mr. Lavery quite high in the rolls of modern English portrait-painters. But while he is well able to express the general aspect of a face, he is unable to note the stronger aspects of character and construction.

drawn; especially one red-skirted washerwoman has been most ably observed. Mr. Terrick Williams is very successful in his "Fruits of the South—Tangier," for his fruits are ripe to the core and most luscious in colour. Other works deserving honourable mention are "An Evening Pastoral," by Miss Emily Lang; "The Annunciation," by Mr. Reginald Frampton, a picture of nice feeling but with the fault of exaggerated attenuation of limb and finger that is the tradition made by Burne-Jones; "Twilight," by Mr. Hughes-Stanton; "Winter Sunlight," by Mr. Neils Lund; and others by Mr. Guy Broun-Morrison, Mr. Robert Little, and Mr. Jacomb-Hood.

Mr. Sargent has lately given to the Boston Free Library decorations the time and talent he has usually devoted during the autumn season to the portraiture of mankind. The painting of the various panels illustrating the chief Religions has now occupied Mr. Sargent for a number of years in the intervals allowed him by a quick succession of sitters. After a time the sensation of a task unfulfilled begins to tell upon the most determined mind; and Mr. Sargent has decided to make an early end of what was long ago so well begun. After trying a prentice hand upon Astarte and Moloch, the painter reserved until last the presentation of Christianity. He has exhibited already the model of his Crucifixion; and since then has painted an Annunciation of singular beauty. A painter who went to Italy to get studies for the stone steps for the Lady Warwick portrait of the last Academy naturally finds himself drawn to Palestine before he can put the finishing touches to his cartoons of Christianity. He proposes to go there in the spring, a pilgrim-painter, one of many. Another artist who lately went to the Holy Land and asked a venerable bystander if he had known Tissot was answered by a query, "Do you mean the photographer?" Mr. Sargent will find no room in his wallet for even the minutest kodak.

W. M.



THE CAPTURE OF TWO BRITISH OFFICERS BY A MOORISH TRIBE: A VILLAGE OF THE OFFENDING ANJERA BENEATH APES HILL.

Two officers of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, Captain J. E. Crowther and Lieutenant E. S. Hallon, were captured by the turbulent Anjera tribe. The Sherief of Wazzan negotiated an exchange, and five Moors were given up in return for the two Englishmen.

Most visitors to the Royal Academy of three summers past will remember the arresting glitter of Mr. Sims's open-air pictures. Since then that glitter has pursued us in Burlington House, but has not increased in its effect or in our estimation. Now Mr. Sims has accomplished something of less arresting but more permanent effect. His two studies of the interiors of French washing-houses, with that attractive person, the *blanchisseuse*, busy over, or resting from, her work, are admirably

Academy naturally finds himself drawn to Palestine before he can put the finishing touches to his cartoons of Christianity. He proposes to go there in the spring, a pilgrim-painter, one of many. Another artist who lately went to the Holy Land and asked a venerable bystander if he had known Tissot was answered by a query, "Do you mean the photographer?" Mr. Sargent will find no room in his wallet for even the minutest kodak.

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## MUSIC.

## THE OPERA—CONCERTS.

While the management of Covent Garden did little more than mark time last week, and relied with confidence justified by results upon repetition of familiar works, the Opera House was the scene of active rehearsals. Signor Puccini was constantly in attendance upon "Madame Butterfly," and when that rehearsal work was ended, Signor Mugnone returned to his labours upon "Mefistofele," which is to be given next week. It has been remarked before that Signor Mugnone has secured remarkable renderings of Boito's masterpiece.

Of the company that presented Puccini's latest work in the summer only Madame Giliberti-Lejeune remains, and she repeats her delightful presentation of Madame Butterfly's devoted servant, Suzuki. The part of the American Consul is entrusted to Sammarco, the range of whose talent is quite remarkable. There seems to be no baritone part in which he is not at home, and this familiarity does not begin and end with the music; it embraces to the full the dramatic idea presented by the story. He passes with equal ease from the oldest fashion that Verdi's librettists followed, to the serious modern music-drama that Puccini presents so well. Public interest in "Madame Butterfly" remains quite unabated. The Japanese opera gave Covent Garden the two largest houses of the season in July last, and the revival has been so warmly welcomed this time that it was found necessary to set the work down for repetition two days after the first performance.

We hope to deal next week with the difference between the art of Madame Giachetti, who presents Madame Butterfly now, and the art of Mlle. Destinn, who played the part so beautifully in the summer. There is no need to compare the work of M. Caruso and Zenatello, for the part of Lieutenant Pinkerton is too small to claim special attention. He is of little more importance than Sharpless or Goro, or the intemperate Uncle, or any of the other characters that do no more than act as a background against which the pathetic figure of Madame Butterfly stands out so clearly.

The new productions and revivals promised in the prospectus of the season are likely to be given in the following order: "Mefistofele," "Andrea Chenier," and "La Gioconda"; and for such delay as may occur the welcome given to old favourites must be held accountable.

Madame Melba, whose latest appearance at Covent Garden was not altogether satisfying to her friends and admirers, will sing again next week, and at intervals

"Funeral March," Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Britannia" overture, and some appropriate sea-songs. The Albert Hall and the Crystal Palace attracted large audiences.

Apart from Nelson's Festival concerts, the special feature of last week's music was little Mischa Elman's work at the Queen's Hall. He played Beethoven's violin concerto, and introduced a new concerto by M. Glazounoff to the attention of the public. Mischa Elman has passed beyond the point at which a player interests by reason of his youth or precocity. Mentally he is a giant, physically he is still a boy, whose strength is not always equal to the demands made upon it.



Photo. Weston.

MR. SHERIFF SMALLMAN.



Photo. E. Norton Collins, South Norwood.

MR. SHERIFF BOWATER.

## THE NEW SHERIFFS OF LONDON.

during the rest of the season. The matinée performance of "Trovatore" on Saturday last afforded further proof of the old opera's vitality, and of the desire of people living away from London to hear the performances at Covent Garden.

The Nelson Centenary accounted for a large number of concerts in and round the Metropolis last week. At the Queen's Hall there was a matinée promenade concert, and the programme included Chopin's

two hundred thousand spectators, among whom was found the bulk of New York society. France has just reason to be proud of the fine victory of one of her representative cars—an 80-horse power Darracq—which made the 283 miles course at an average speed of sixty-three miles an hour. Notwithstanding this fierce pace, the winner's Dunlop tyres stood up grandly, giving him no trouble from start to finish.

The annual festival of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, at which Sir Horace Marshall is to preside, will be held on the 31st inst., at De Keyser's Hotel, Blackfriars. Among those who have accepted invitations to be present are the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs of the City of London and their wives, the Chinese Minister, Lord Burnham, the Hon. H. L. W. Lawson, Sir George Hayter Chubb, General Sir Alfred Turner and Lady Turner, Sir Joseph Lawrence, M.P., and Lady Lawrence, Sir Clarence Smith, Mrs. Craigie, Sir John Macdonell, C.B., Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, and Mr. Linley Sambourne.

That the abandonment of the Gordon-Bennett race is not going to act detrimentally upon the interest manifested in international motor-car racing was proved during the recent contest for the Vanderbilt Cup, which was witnessed by over



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N.B.—A Wrapper from a 1½ packet is equal to twelve 1d. packets, and so on.  
Wrappers to be sent to Ellis & Co., 20 Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool, on or before 1st January, 1906.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The late Bishop Ellicott retained to the close of his life many warm friends in Bristol. About the year 1878 he was involved in ritual controversies with the clergy of St. Raphael's, and memories of the time may still be found among his writings in the British Museum. He was sometimes at war, too, with Mr. Randall, afterwards Dean of Chichester, the zealous and able Vicar of All Saints', Clifton. But these disputes died down completely before the division of the diocese, and the Bishop gave the Ritualists full credit for their devoted work in the poorest quarters of the city.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will visit Plymouth on Nov. 7 and 8, and will attend the Exeter Diocesan Conference. He will address an important meeting on Church Extension work in the Three Towns. A reception to the Archbishop, Bishops, and other members of the Conference will be given by the Mayor of Plymouth. Dr. Randall Davidson visited Cambridge last week, and was a guest at Selwyn, preaching the sermon in the college commemoration week.

The Bishop of Salisbury contributes to his diocesan gazette a long letter on the importance of family prayer. He desires his clergy to go from house to house and give practical demonstration of the way to conduct family worship. "In my own family," continues the Bishop, "I put the Psalm or hymn first, then the Lesson, with a short exposition (if one is needed), and then the prayers. It does not seem to matter much in what order the three elements are placed, provided they are all there. A sufficient and yet extremely short form of prayer would be: A sentence of Scripture, the 'Gloria Patri,' and

the Lord's Prayer, with two or three versicles and responses."

That blunt and rude remarks have not altogether died out of modern conversation is proved by a story told the other day by the Bishop of Stepney. He was regretting the fact that some of the clergy were addicted

London or Stepney would ever venture to tell so many stories at their own expense?

The Bishop of Southwark was also very frank in acknowledging last week a gift of 700 guineas from the clergy and laity of the diocese. He said the real temptation of a Bishop was to go too easy. If he did his duty better it would be necessary for him to be stricter in some ways and more disagreeable to some people than he had been; but it was a hard duty to have to reprove or rebuke.—V.

By the kindness of the directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the magnificent new steamer *Mooltan* (the latest addition to and most powerful vessel in their fleet) will be open to inspection by the public, in Tilbury Dock, at the charge of a shilling, on Friday and Saturday, the 27th and 28th inst., in aid of the funds of the Seamen's Hospital Society ("Dreadnought"), Greenwich and Royal Albert Dock.

That one man's misfortune is another man's opportunity is illustrated by a forthcoming salvage-sale. In September a fire occurred at the well-known establishment of Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., at 62-79, Hampstead Road, W., and on the 30th inst. there will commence a sale of slightly damaged goods at great reductions.

The members of the Corporation of the City of London, being desirous of recognising their very courteous reception by the officers of H.M.S. *Mercury*, on the occasion of their visit to the ship to witness the review of the French Fleet in British waters on Aug. 1 last, have resolved to present a piece of plate to the officers of the ship for use at their mess, and the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, have been entrusted with the work of producing this commemoration trophy.



THE TOMB OF LADY NELSON.

*Frances Herbert, Viscountess Nelson and Duchess of Brontë is buried with her son, Nelson's stepson Josiah Nesbit, and four of Nelson's step-grandchildren in Littleham Churchyard, near Exmouth. Lady Nelson was the widow of Dr. Josiah Nesbit, of the Island of Nevis. Note the spelling "Brontë," usually "Brontë," the Sicilian dukedom conferred on the great Admiral by Ferdinand IV.*

to curious mannerisms. "On one occasion," he said, "when preaching in Westminster Abbey, I closed my eyes for the purpose of obviating any distractions while pursuing my theme. After the service, a lady with whom I was acquainted asked why I closed my eyes, adding, 'You may think you look like a saint, but you really look like a fool!'" Who but the Bishops of

of H.M.S. *Mercury*, on the occasion of their visit to the ship to witness the review of the French Fleet in British waters on Aug. 1 last, have resolved to present a piece of plate to the officers of the ship for use at their mess, and the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, have been entrusted with the work of producing this commemoration trophy.

## "BEAUTY RULES" BY MRS. POMEROY.

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**I**N TROPICAL CLIMATES the proper treatment of the complexion is of the highest importance, as it is there subjected to exceedingly trying conditions. Cold water should, except in very exceptional cases, be used for washing the face, which should be thoroughly well laved for several minutes. The **Pomeroy Skin Food** should be used every night to feed and cleanse the skin, to prevent wrinkles, whilst **Pomeroy Tonic Lotion** should be sprayed upon the face once or twice a day, to keep the skin firm and in good condition.

In countries where there is a great deal of dust, the face should be cleansed during the day with the **Pomeroy Skin Food** instead of water. It should be rubbed very gently over the face for two or three minutes, and then every particle removed with a soft towel or piece of old linen. If a little **Pomeroy Face Powder** is applied with a **Pomeroy Leather** any greasy appearance will be prevented.

In hot, dry climates, the **Special Pomeroy Complexion Purifier** should be used for the removal of tan and freckles. Mrs. Pomeroy has had this prepared since her return from South Africa, where she has found that in the majority of cases the complexion becomes brown, dry, and of a parchment-like appearance, which can only be improved by means of this

**Special Purifier and Pomeroy Skin Food.** The complexion is protected, and tan and freckles largely prevented if **Pomeroy Liquid Powder** is applied to the face before exposure to sun and wind. In hot, moist climates the ordinary **Pomeroy Complexion Purifier** will remove freckles, unless they are of long standing, when the **Special Purifier** should be used.

Mrs. Pomeroy will gladly send her complete "Beauty Rules" post free direct from 29, Old Bond St., W.; and her toilet preparations can be obtained in Cape Town—10, Duncan's Bldg.; Johannesburg—Lennon, Ltd.; Sydney—Faulding & Co.; Bombay—Kemp & Co.; Calcutta—Smith, Stanistreet & Co.; Mussoorie—Fitch & Co.; Karachi from J. Bliss.

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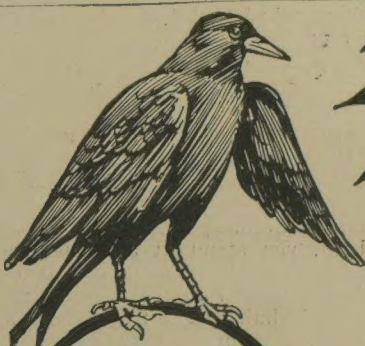
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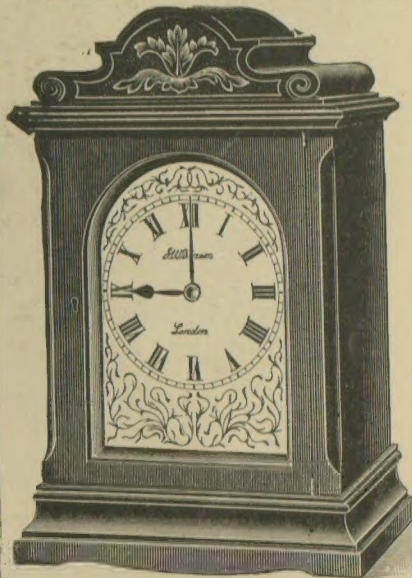
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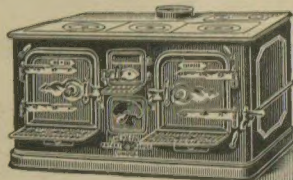
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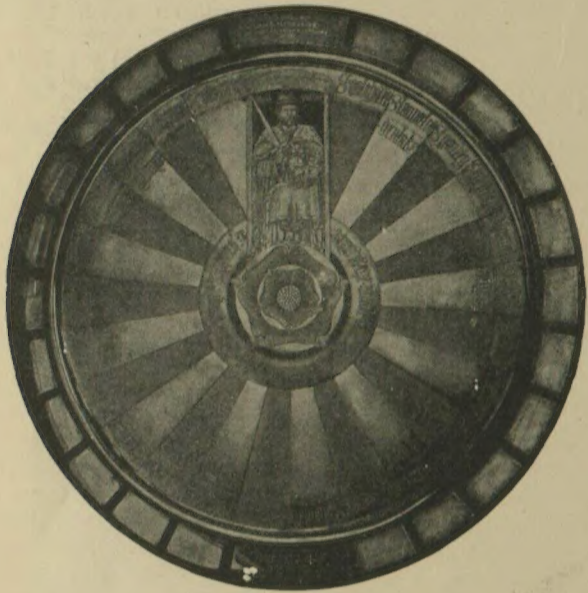
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

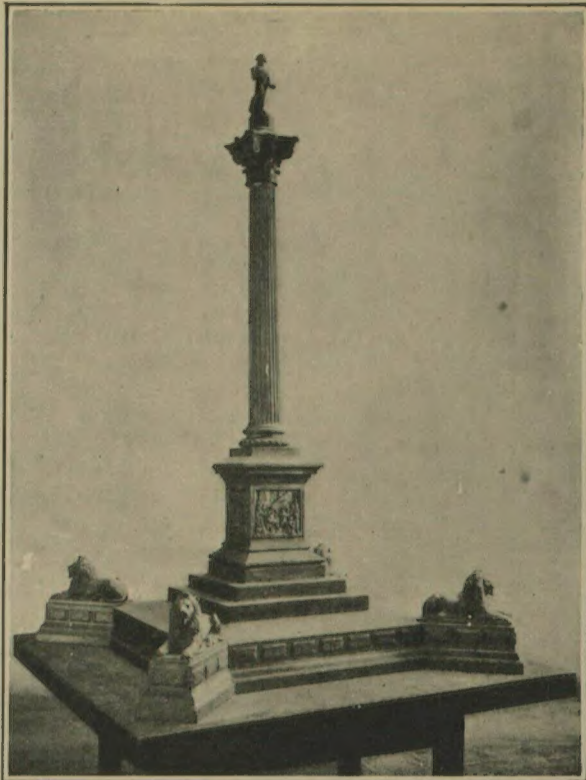
Letters of Administration, pendente lite, of part of the estate of EDMUND, BARON GRIMTHORPE, of Batch Wood, St. Albans, who died on April 29, have been granted to Lord Grimthorpe, Commander George Richard Bethell, R.N., and Francis Blake Lascelles Herbert Beal, the value thereof being £1,562,500

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1902) of MR. THOMAS WORTHINGTON COOKSON, of Portland House, Seaforth, and Mersey Street, Liverpool, who died on Sept. 10, has been proved by Mrs. Elizabeth Cookson, the widow, Edward Hutton Cookson, the brother, Alfred Dobell, and Augustus Frederick Warr, by whom the value of the property is sworn at £160,756. The testator bequeaths £300 to the Liverpool Orphan Institution, Myrtle Street; £200 each to the Royal Infirmary, the Northern Hospital, the Southern Hospital, the Scripture Readers' Society, and the Additional Curates Society, all of Liverpool; £200 to the Diocesan Institution at Warrington, for the benefit of widows and children of clergymen; £200 to the Bankhall Girls' Institution; £100 to the Bootle



CHALLENGE SHIELD PRESENTED BY THE LADIES OF HAMPSHIRE TO H.M.S. "HAMPSHIRE."

The shield is a fine replica of the famous "King Arthur's Round Table" which hangs on the wall of the Great Hall of the Castle of Winchester; is of silver, and measures some three feet across; and was presented for proficiency in gunnery. It was designed and executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W.



A REPLICA OF THE NELSON COLUMN.

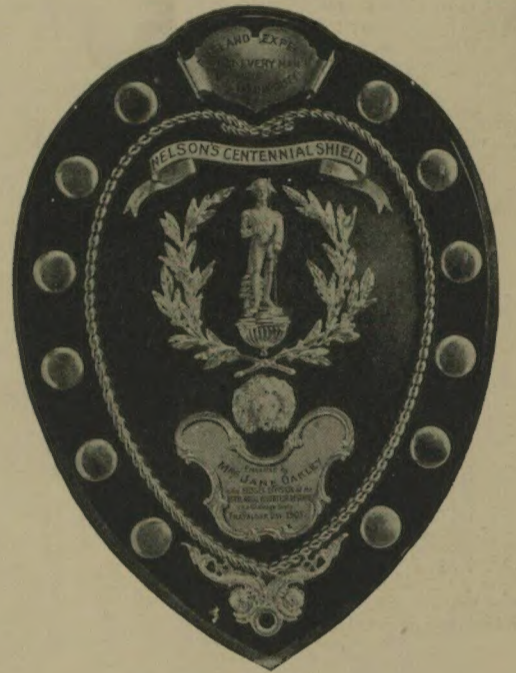
The model, one of the finest pieces of presentation plate ever executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street, is a replica in every detail of the Nelson Column. It was made for the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

Hospital; £100 to the Liverpool Stanley Hospital; £100 to the Woolton Convalescent Institution; £100 to the Convalescent Home at New Brighton; £100 each to the Blind Asylum, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, the Seamen's Orphanage, the Training-ship *Indefatigable*, the Bluecoat Hospital, the Infirmary for Children, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Nash Grove Ragged School, the National Life-Boat Institution, the Nurses' Home (Dover Street), and the Cancer and Skin Diseases Hospital (Liverpool). Subject to the payment of other legacies, he leaves the residue of his property to his wife for life, and then as to one moiety to his son Leonard, and the other moiety, in trust, for him and his issue.

The will (dated January 26, 1903) of MR. WILLIAM GRAVELEY WOOLSTON, of 53, Porchester Terrace, W.,

and 18, Austin Friars, who died on Sept. 17, was proved on Oct. 12, by Henry Ramie Beeton, and Thomas Edward Graveley, the value of the estate being £177,159. The testator gives £1000 each to his nephews, Archibald Buchanan Dunlop and David Willis; £200 to Henry Huxley; £500 each to Louisa and Ada Ridgway; £500 per annum to his friend and housekeeper Katherine Margaret Brown; £100 per annum to his housekeeper Rachel Ingmere; and legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to the children of his sisters, Mary Maria Willis and Sabina Dunlop.

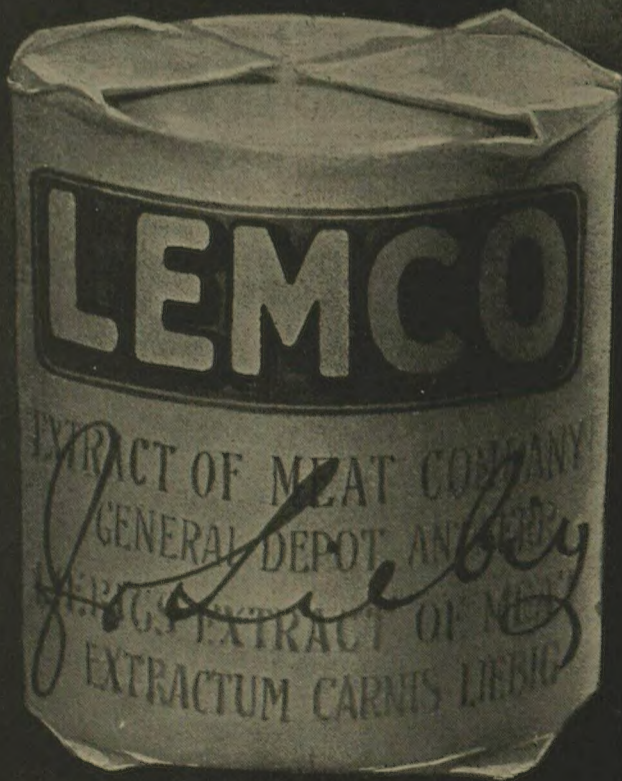
The will (dated Dec. 9, 1904) of MR. WILLIAM BERKELEY MONCK, of Coley Park, Reading, who died on Sept. 7, was proved on Oct. 13 by George Stanley Stevens Monck, the son, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £157,879. The testator settles Coley Park and all his real estate on his son George for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male. He gives £10,000, and the residence known as Highfield, Bath Road, Reading, in trust, for his wife for



A NELSON CENTENARY SHIELD.

The illustration depicts a very handsome shield, presented by Mrs. Jane H. Oakley, Wilbury Lawn, Hove, Sussex, Vice-president of the Navy League, to the Sussex Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserves as a challenge trophy. The shield, which is presented in connection with the Nelson Centenary, was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, 220, Regent Street, 158-162, Oxford Street, and 2, Queen Victoria Street.

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## THE CHARM OF A BEAUTIFUL FACE

Beautiful features, perfect teeth, and a sweet expression are all-important in imparting that indefinable quality to the face that we refer to as charm. Something more is needed, however, if all these gifts of nature are to produce their full effect. The skin needs to be free from blemish, its texture should be beautiful, and its tint should suggest the dainty colouring of the sea-shell. If the contrary be the case, and there are spots on the face, or the skin be rough, or it chaps easily, if the hands are red, and the skin tender or irritable, it cannot fail to detract from the appearance. It also points to the fact that the health of the skin is not what it ought to be, and that a remedy is required that will cure, soothe and heal. Such a remedy is found in "Antexema."



For all skin troubles use "Antexema."

The *Tatler* of October 11th says: "Anything in the shape of an eruption on the skin is very rightly called a skin trouble, for nothing is more generally distressing to a sensitive person." Those, therefore, who have the misfortune to have any skin ailment affecting any part of the body will be glad to know about "Antexema." It will be noticed that in the different articles that have been published in the various papers no

attempt has been made to describe in detail the unpleasant facts in connection with skin troubles, though at the same time it may be said that even the worst and most severe cases yield to "Antexema." It must also be remembered that "Antexema" is just as satisfactory for the slightest everyday skin troubles,

such as acne, chaps, skin irritation, cuts, bruises, and chilblains, and it is therefore an indispensable toilet necessity, as is also "Antexema Soap," which will maintain the health and beauty of the skin and hair.

A large amount of exceedingly useful information in regard to the care of the skin is given in the handbook, "Skin Troubles," which is offered to readers of this paper in the course of this article. We will mention the headings of some of the paragraphs:—Care of the Skin, What the Skin Is, What a Skin Trouble Is, The Antexema Skin Remedies, Skin Troubles Caused by Excessive Oily Secretion, by Deficient Oily Secretion, by Excessive Formation of Scarf-skin, by Temporary Loss of Scarf-skin, by Unhealthy Scarf-skin, by Acid Perspiration, by Impure Blood, and Those Caused by Insects and Vegetable Moulds. Some of the skin troubles referred to are:—Acne, Babies' Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Baldness, Barber's Itch, Blackheads, Boils, Blotches, Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Corns and Bunions, Dandruff, Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable, Easily Chapped Skin; Skin Troubles affecting the Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands, and Scalp; Eczema (chronic and acute), Eczema of the Legs, Erysipelas, Erythema, Facial Blemishes, Flushings, Freckles, Gouty or Rheumatic Eczema, Insect-Bites, Leg-Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Lupus, Nettle-rash, Pimples, Prickly Heat, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Scrofula, Seborrhoea, Shingles, Ulcers, and Wrinkles. General Hints on Diet are given, and a full list of the "Antexema" preparations, so that the little book is of very great practical utility.

No one who has any skin trouble, whether of the face, hands, or neck, where it is visible, or on other parts of the body where it is covered up, wants to put a nasty, greasy ointment on the place. "Antexema" is not an ointment, it has no smell, is clean in use, and is invisible on the skin. In appearance it is a milky liquid, and when applied to the skin it is rapidly absorbed, and forms a sort of artificial skin over the affected spot, and, under this, a new and healthy cuticle is able to grow. "Antexema" was the discovery of a well-known doctor, and the proof of its extraordinary curative powers in every form of skin trouble is overwhelming. Hardly a day passes without someone writing a grateful letter of thanks for some wonderful cure worked by "Antexema," but for obvious reasons we do not give the names of our correspondents in the public Press.

Mrs. —, London, W., writes: That she feels specially grateful to the Antexema Company for their invaluable preparation "Antexema." A gouty rash of eczema that troubled her on wrists and fingers for months and for which no cure was obtained yielded to

"Antexema," and has never reappeared. She has a very good complexion, but a very thin, sensitive skin. She purchased a "beautifying" wash and emollient cream three weeks ago. Alas! this brought her face out in an unsightly rash! She flew to "Antexema," and was relieved by the first application, and cured by the fourth. Her little girl, who easily gets nettlerash or indigestion-spots, which torture her by the itching, got cured by "Antexema," and now Mrs. — intends to use no other emollient for her own complexion but "Antexema."



If your skin is tender after shaving use "Antexema."

"Antexema" is rapidly superseding cold-cream and all such preparations, as it is all they are and much more. All that cold-cream and similar emollients can do is to soothe and cool; but, whilst "Antexema" is superior even in this direction, it possesses wonderful healing and curative properties, so that it cools, soothes, and heals at the same time. For chaps, chilblains, and chafed skin "Antexema" should find a place on every dressing-table, and it cannot fail to prove of service.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or may be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. Our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," which is full of information from end to end about the cause, nature, and cure of skin complaints, will be forwarded post free to readers of this paper together with free trial of "Antexema" if *The Illustrated London News* is mentioned and three penny stamps are enclosed for postage and packing. Letters should be addressed to "Antexema," 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.



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life, and then the house is to be used by his spinster daughters, and the £10,000 divided among his three younger children. One fourth of the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son George, and one fourth, in trust, for each of his children, John, Louise Emilia, and Margaret Althea.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1903) of MR. JOSEPH SYKES, of Carisbrooke, 175, Preston Road, Brighton, who died on Sept. 3, has been proved by Mrs. Sarah Marie Sykes, the widow, the value of the property being £131,770. The testator gives £1000 to Madame Rojas de Ruez; £750 and all his mining shares to his wife's sister, Miss Bessie Huggett; £750 to Mrs. Marianne Huggett; £200 to Maria Haslam; £100 to Anna Gough; £400 each to Benjamin Blades Thompson and Digby Thompson; £300 to Miss Florence Babington; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1872), with a codicil, of MR. THOMAS BLAIR MILLER, of Chase House, Hadley, Herts, and 21, Cannon Street, E.C., who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Oct. 11 by his sons, Frederick Walter Miller, Thomas Burton Miller, and Andrew Miller, the value of the estate amounting to £94,155. The testator gives £200 and the household furniture to his wife, and £1000 to each child to whom he had not given a like sum. All other his property he leaves, in

trust, for Mrs. Miller for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children.

The will (dated May 8, 1901) of MR. DANIEL SIMPSON HELLON, of 33, Seabank Road, Egremont, Chester, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Oct. 9 by Miss Edith Hellon, the daughter, and John Simpson Hellon, the son, the value of the property being £28,595. The testator gives £1000, in trust, for his grandson, Ivo Hellon; £100 to his niece, Sarah Catharine Bromley; and the residue of his property to his four children, Edith, John Simpson, Harold West, and William Drinkwater.

Mr. Owen Philipps, Chairman of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, sailed on Oct. 18 for New York, and will return to England in the R.M.S.P. steamer *Tagus*, on her first voyage on the new route from New York, via Jamaica, Colon, Puerto Colombia, La Guayra, Trinidad, Barbados, and Cherbourg, to Southampton. Mrs. Owen Philipps is accompanying her husband. We understand that this visit to New York and the West Indies is being made to settle important points relative to this new development of the R.M.S.P. activities.

The following reports from the wine districts have been received by Messrs. Hedges and Butler from their correspondents. In the Douro district the lack of

warmth resulted in a certain greenness, and shortness in quantity, but the perfect weather during the vintage has caused port to show better in body and colour than was at first expected. Burgundy generally is green, and must be consumed quickly; 1905 champagne will be useless for commerce. This year's clarets will not be big wines, but they may be pleasant and flavoury. Hock and Moselle will be decidedly better than medium quality, and there is a good average vintage of Cognac.

For some years past the smoking public has fully recognised the unique superiority of all productions of the Ardath Tobacco Factory. This preference has now been officially confirmed by the conferment of the only gold medal to be awarded for cigarette-manufacture in the tobacco section of the Exhibition recently held at the Agricultural Hall. This mark of merit carries with it the commendation of the expert judges for the superiority of the articles in question, and is awarded for purity of the tobaccos, excellence of the workmanship, and daintiness of design in the mode of packing. The fact that the winning of the medal has been gained on the first occasion on which the Ardath Tobacco Company have exhibited at any exhibition speaks for itself, and the popularity of the world-famous State Express Cigarettes and other productions of the Ardath Tobacco Company will still further be enhanced by this signal sign of approval of their merits.

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